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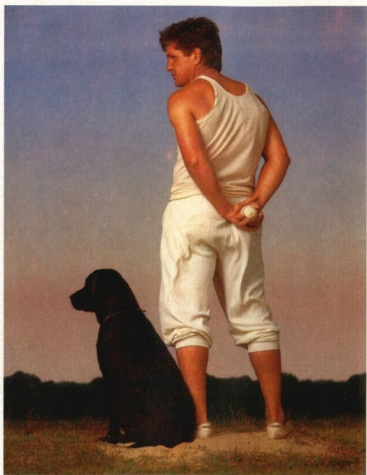
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COVER: The race is on to develop computers that are both fast and smart

For 40 years, the two grand quests of computer science—to design ever swifter supercomputers and to endow machines with artificial intelligence—have each proceeded as if the other did not exist. Now, spurred by technological breakthroughs and an explosion of commercial interest, these two avenues of research may be converging. See TECHNOLOGY.

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NATION: In court and on the battlefield, the *contra* issue burns anew

After 15 months of investigation, a federal grand jury indicts Poindexter, North and two other Iranscam conspirators.

► A Sandinista "invasion" leads Reagan to send 3,200 U.S. troops to Honduras. ► In the wake of the Illinois primary, the Democratic race is more muddled than ever. ► A quiet town on the Hudson River is rocked by a controversial racial attack.

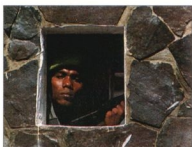
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WORLD: A thwarted coup in Panama pushes Noriega toward the brink

The besieged military strongman meets U.S. emissaries to negotiate a deal that will let him step down safely. But drug indictments against the general are a sticking point. ► In Northern Ireland, a vicious cycle of funerals and violent deaths. ► Shamir sidesteps a U.S. peace plan. ► Is the Soviet Union playing defense? ► Civil war blocks food for Ethiopia's drought victims.

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Congress shapes a bill to help trim the trade deficit. ► The Postal Service cuts service but hikes prices. ► Kuwait's BP connection.

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A new study rekindles a troubling debate about whether women under 50 benefit from regular mammograms to detect breast cancer.

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Robert Redford directs *The Milagro Beanfield War*, a humanist parable with all the right motives and a few of the wrong moves.

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In Boston an ambitious three-week festival takes the measure of Soviet composers, and they come up a little short.

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Gabriel García Márquez writes a love story that throbs with the human comedy. ► David Brinkley's wartime Washington.

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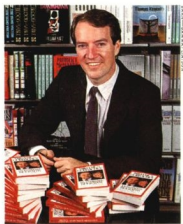
The Fox Network has stumbled often in its first year of battling the Big Three, but the scrappy newcomer is making its mark.

Cover:
Illustration by
Jean François Povedine

A Letter from the Publisher

When TIME's editors chose Mikhail Gorbachev as 1987's Man of the Year, five correspondents traveled thousands of miles and filled scores of notebooks to piece together the biography of the Soviet leader. They interviewed dozens of the General Secretary's colleagues, onetime schoolmates, the handful of foreigners who had met him over the years and others who had encountered the former Privolnoye farm boy on his remarkable journey to the Kremlin's top job. As the correspondents filed their reports, Managing Editor Henry Muller was impressed with the amount of new information they had uncovered about Gorbachev's early life and his rise through the party ranks. "For years editors have been saying that you could produce a book from the reporting that goes into some of our cover stories," says Muller. "That was certainly true with Gorbachev, so we thought we would give it a try."

Last week, less than three months after the Man of the Year issue appeared on newsstands, *Mikhail S. Gorbachev: An Intimate Biography* (a TIME book; \$4.50 paperback, \$14.95 hard cover) was in bookstores across the country. The 281-page book, like the cover story, blends fascinating personal detail (the young Gorbachev, for example, attended church with his grandparents) with an analysis of Gorbachev's leadership and reforms.



Morrison with groundbreaking biography

Included in the book are 16 pages of rare photographs, most of them collected for the Man of the Year issue by TIME Picture Researcher Robert Stevens. "Though Gorbachev is the leader of one of the world's two most powerful nations, little was known about who he is, where he came from and what he believes in," says Senior Editor Donald Morrison, who edited the book. "We believe our book is the most detailed biography published so far about this extraordinary man."

The book is the first joint project between the magazine and Time Inc.'s Books Group, the third largest book publisher in the country. "By using TIME's ability to report quickly and thoroughly and our ability to get the words into a book format, we drastically shortened the normal publication schedule," says Kelso Sutton, president and chief executive officer of the Books Group. *Gorbachev*, distributed by New American Library, will soon be followed by a second TIME book: a picture history of 1968, inspired by a cover story 2½ months ago about the momentous events of a year that shaped an entire generation.

Robert L. Miller

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Narcopower

To the Editors:

The source of and solution to the drug problem are here in the U.S. [WORLD, March 7]. Anyone who thinks that foreign countries will not export illegal drugs to the U.S. when Americans spend \$130 billion a year to buy them must be high on something. The supply of narcotics will stop only when the demand does.

Andrew Casterline
Tucson



You refer to drug dealers as "lords." They should never be equated with nobility or given titles that confer legitimacy on them or their businesses in the slightest way. Drug thugs do not even deserve to be called men.

Mike Gallegos
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Perhaps the U.S. should abandon its futile war against the *narcotraficantes* and take an introspective look at American society in the 1980s. Why is it that you need so many drugs?

Louisa Martinelli Newcomb
São Paulo, Brazil

Scandal in Swaggartland

I have always been suspicious of televangelists [RELIGION, March 7], especially of their intolerance of other religious beliefs, constant whining for dollars and holier-than-thou arrogance.

Ludivina Garcia
McAllen, Texas

Jimmy Swaggart's shocker reminds us of the warning St. Jerome offered the unwary about 1,600 years ago: "Avoid, as you would the plague, a clergyman who is also a man of business."

Warren H. MacDonald
Rehoboth Beach, Del.

"Now It's Jimmy's Turn" really did shock and surprise me. I have always loved and followed Swaggart. As a Christian, I

Letters

know that the Lord forgives people when they sin. We should lift Swaggart up with our prayers and offer him our support.

Patricia DeLong
Etrick, Va.

Swaggart should apologize to the prostitutes of the world. It hasn't occurred to him that the women of the streets may be the ones who need to be uplifted and encouraged—not used and forgotten.

Marcelle Bachtelle
Mi-Wuk Village, Calif.

Clark Considered

I neither condemn nor condone the tactics that Principal Joe Clark has chosen to employ in his school [EDUCATION, Feb. 1]. The issues are complex, and an out-of-hand judgment seems neither appropriate nor wise. However, I am concerned that TIME chose to give cover-story prominence to Clark. Such display could feed the notion that a simplistic resort to force and harsh penalties is all that is needed to cure the ills of urban schools. A wrier subject for cover treatment would have been Richard Green, the newly chosen chancellor of the New York City school system. Green's problems reach far beyond one troubled school, and any success he achieves will have ramifications for big-city schools everywhere.

Benjamin L. Hooks, Executive Director
National Association for the Advancement
of Colored People
Baltimore

TIME's cover subjects reflect the news. The choice does not imply an endorsement of the person's views or actions.

Attacks on Homosexuals

Gay victims of violence [NATION, March 7] are routinely shrugged off by the authorities for the same reason that women who bring charges against rapists often find themselves, rather than their assailants, on trial: society approves of these crimes. The attackers have received their mandate from the straight, white male establishment. Until there is a radical change of attitude in this country, such crimes will only escalate.

Roy J. Wyman
San Francisco

Every American has the right to protection and redress under the law. The U.S. Constitution does not discriminate on this point because of one's sexual orientation. The press is there to remind us that when the rights of a few are disregarded, the rights of all are threatened.

Gary A. Pool
Bloomington, Ind.

Flynt's Victory

The Supreme Court has decided to reject the Rev. Jerry Falwell's suit against *Hustler* magazine and its publisher, Larry

Flynt, for gross parody of the minister [LAW, March 7]. In your article you say that preserving Flynt's First Amendment right to be offensive protects more important things. But it also places the defense of a free press in great danger. The surest way that society can lose a right is to abuse it.

Carl E. Parker
McArthur, Ohio

Let's call for a constitutional convention to rewrite the First Amendment so that the Supreme Court can separate the wheat from the chaff. Its decision in the case between *Hustler* magazine and Falwell stinks. But whom could we trust in Washington to rephrase the amendment so that our Justices would know what the Founding Fathers intended?

Albert G. Walpole
Monroe, La.

F. Scott Fitzgerald Redux

You note that "by pure serendipity" Professor James L.W. West III unearthed a story written by F. Scott Fitzgerald [PEOPLE, Feb. 22]. Before Professor West's discovery, I wrote an essay on Fitzgerald's unpublished stories, which appeared in *Twentieth Century Literature*, April 1974. It included a detailed analysis of the story you mention, which had not "disappeared" but rather was routinely available to Fitzgerald scholars like myself. More important than who first noticed the story is the misleading impression of its significance. The recent publicity suggests that this is an important addition to the Fitzgerald canon. It is not. As I said in 1974, it is "fitfully entertaining farce . . . pages of flat, dull narrative . . . with only a few brief flashes of vitality when the fascinating heroine appears."

Ruth Prigozy, Professor of English
Hofstra University
Hempstead, N.Y.

Financing the Future

Your cover story [LIVING, Feb. 22] on our rapidly aging population provided an important public service. You have alerted the nation to the huge financial burdens that caring for the elderly will place on governments and families. What must now be explored is the critical role the private sector can play in developing innovative and attractive programs for retirement, long-term health care and investment and savings. With appropriate tax and policy changes, people can be encouraged to prepare for their own future needs. This would not only defuse the economic time bomb we face but also help solve another problem: increasing the pool of capital needed by the U.S. for economic growth and the ability to compete on a global scale.

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Even though I don't live in America, your article on the aged convinced me that the real question is, Will the structure of the family survive? If so, it will not matter whether resources are allocated to older or younger people, because the weakest and the most in need will always benefit from help. If the family cannot endure, then we may see a radical change in the whole structure of our social life.

*Sergio Cigliuti
Jerusalem*

Accenting the Bland

As a Southerner who has lived around the U.S., I read with increasing anger your piece on how not to talk like a Southerner [AMERICAN SCENE, March 7]. Just who decides what accent is acceptable? Did a Southern accent affect Lyndon Johnson? Jimmy Carter? Elizabeth Dole? I take pride in my speech. I feel that my accent has helped rather than hindered.

*Marsha S. Sisson
Astoria, Ore.*

If people like Speech Teacher Beverly Inman-Ebel had their way, the citizens of this vast and diverse country would have all the individuality of cornflakes. It would be sad to travel to a far-off city or state only to discover that residents there were clones of the inhabitants of the place you just left. I am glad that not everyone sounds like Dan Rather, just as I am glad that not all bread is whole wheat.

*Richard Girolami
Indianapolis*

Star Wars Technology

Your story "Red Flag at a Weapons Lab" [SCIENCE, Jan. 18] left some incorrect impressions. Characterization of the X-ray laser as an "expensive dud" is premature. I believe this is an important research program, and the assessment of whether a new weapons system based on the technology is feasible is certainly an appropriate part of the overall nuclear-weapons research at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. My concerns with the overselling of the X-ray laser are specific in nature, and I do not believe they warrant the broad generalization that at Livermore technical credibility is a "commodity in short supply." The vast majority of the scientific staff works hard to remain apolitical while undertaking research essential to our national security. Finally, I have never alleged that I had any direct knowledge of what Edward Teller said to President Reagan about the X-ray laser, as the article suggests. Only he can speak to the content of his discussions with the President.

*Roy D. Woodruff
Livermore, Calif.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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American Scene

In New Jersey: Day Care with a Lot of Caring

For five years Bertha Kimbrough made parade shoes and walkie-talkie packs in a factory. Before that, for 22 years, she folded sheets in a laundry. Now she diapers babies. "Gee whiz," she says, "dozens of diapers a day! Sweet potatoes for lunch! I do a lot of changes, you get dishpan hands."

Bertha works—and has for the past six years—with two-month-olds to 30-month-olds at the Mercer Children's Center in Trenton. She has scrapbooks at home with photos of all the children. "When I get home at night, I just jumps into bed and visualizes what a beautiful day I had! When you get a baby young and you work with it long enough, you can tell his dos and don'ts, you can tell each whimper," she says.

6:45 a.m. (infant center opens)

Bertha: Steven, can you get me a quart of milk for the babies' breakfast? Over there, over there. Open the 'frigerator door. Can you open the 'frigerator door? Can you get it? Open the door. Bring it here.

Steven: Here, Bersa.

Bertha: Thank you.

Steven: Was da? [pointing to a poster on the changing table]

Bertha: That's a raccoon.

Steven: Was da?

Bertha: That's the fire alarm for the fire. The battery's getting weak.

Steven: Somebody gonna fix it?

Bertha: Somebody's gonna fix it.

Steven: Oh, O.K. Was da? [bringing over a toy telephone]

Bertha: That's Chatter. Chatter Telephone.

Steven: Oh, O.K. Hehwo? Hehwo? Hehwo? Hehwo? I'm firsty. [He opens the fridge.]

Laurie Noonan, a student-intern from local Rider College arrives at the infant center for the day to observe. "I love talking to them like this," Bertha explains to Laurie. "You tell them to do things, they responds right away."

10:00 a.m. (activities time)

Scott jumps on Brian, tackles him, pushes his head into a rubber pole and sits on him. Clifton throws Laura at



Bertha Kimbrough knows all the dos and don'ts, and all the whimpers

Shanique. Alia and Victoria try to smooth elastic bracelets into the fish tank; Taneeya climbs up the indoor sliding board and smashes the basement window with a wooden hammer; Paul, not yet walking, tries to lift himself up against a shelf, and it topples backwards; Laura and Sahar startle and cry; Clifton and Adam take off all their clothes and run around the snack tables in a circle whooping.

Karla [composed]: Scott, Brian is crying. He doesn't like that. Brian, tell him no.

Owen [counting boots]: One, one, one, one, six. [Justin throws boots into toilet.]

Karla: Scotty, Scotty, no pushing. Look at me, Scott. Look at me. No.

Lorraine: Someone doesn't smell like roses. Did you do B.M., Alison? Is it yours, Raymond?

Karla: Brian, talk to Scott. No, Brian is talking to you, Scotty. You're the one who is listening now. Brian, Scott wants to talk to you. Do you want to kiss it?

Bertha: Sahar. Sahar. I think she's the one who's smelling.

Karla: Benjamin! What courage! [Benjamin, 1, has climbed up the wooden slide for the first time.] That's like climbing Mount Everest! That's how you conquer the world, that's right! That's how you do it! [Bertha takes a photograph of Benjamin.]

Karla Qazilbash, 44, head teacher at the infant center, was born and raised in Germany, came to the U.S. at 22, married, had three children, then took a course in the psychology of women in 1981, separated from her Pakistani husband and, looking timidly through the help-wanted, got her first job in ten years—at the Mercer Children's Center. "This is my calling," she says during a break in the Itsy Bitsy Spider's Sisyphean labors. "This is my chance to grow up."

Noon (lunch)

A candle in a brass goblet burns on one of the little tables. Karla points out the window, hunkers down: "Shhh, children, listen, the church bells!"

Lorraine: Michael, I know you're a little upset with me. Talk to me, Michael. Do you want to stand here with your buttocks out?

Mommy get you some new underwear for Hanukkah? O.K. Here is your Fisher radio back. [to Alia] Quieres buscar la sábana?

Marie: Get him down!

Karla: He has to get down by himself. Marie, show him the steps. [Benjamin falls off the slide and screams.]

Lorraine [to Ben]: Get scared? [to Adam and Raymond, pointing to children near the top of a poster of The Peaceable Kingdom] Yes, those are like the big children upstairs. After the graduation party today, Steven and Marie and Owen will be upstairs with the big children.

Karla: Owen, when you go upstairs, are you going to put your shoes on by yourself? Justin, are you going to put on the Velcro for Owen? What do you say? Pull it over. Push it on.

Marie: I got a boo-boo.

Lorraine: When you stop crying and are ready to talk about it, Marie, we'll deal with it.

Marie: I got a boo-boo.

Lorraine: On your lip. Well, it didn't break the skin. I'm sorry you got hurt.

Owen [counting cupcakes for the party]: One, one, hunder, hunder, free.

Lorraine [sniffing]: Did you do something, Brian Bingham? Owen, can you bring Shanique a tissue? Clifton, push in your chair. Do you want to wash off the tables?

Karla: You see a picture of a cardinal?



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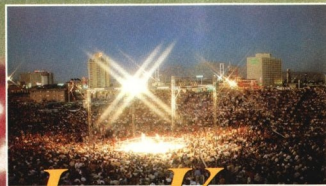
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Las Vegas

The American Way To Play

American Scene

You see, that's a picture of a cardinal.
Lorraine: Ay Dios mio, Brian Bingham!
 You bent over and got it on your jeans!

Lorraine Lugo, 23, has worked at the infant center for 2½ years, has tried to conceive a child of her own for at least that long, and is married to a policeman whose workday generally begins when hers ends. "I go home and fall asleep," she says. Born in Puerto Rico, Lorraine shared one bed with her mother and three younger siblings. "What counts is giving children respect," Lorraine counsels. During potty lineup, she confidently pacifies a concerned Laurie, who has just wrestled four marbles out of Marie's mouth. "They won't choke," she states flatly. "They'll gag and cough them up, or I'll reach in and get them out."

2 p.m. (nap)

The director of the center, Richard Berkman, comes into the room and pauses a moment to look over the daily log:

"Steven vomited this morning.

Scott was bitten on the left hand (top).

Victoria was bitten on the right hand.

Plz make sure the small sponge goes in the yellow bowl in the morning.

Anna will be picked up at 2:45 for a doctor's appt. Please have her ready to go in clean sweat suit.

Steven and Owen can put their socks on all by themselves.

Laura is on green vegetables. Peas and green beans.

Do not give Michael C. fruit that is not peeled."

3:40 p.m. (party)

The staff sings *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow* to Steven and Marie and Owen. The children don't exactly sing, but at the end of the song they put their hands high in the air: "Yayyyyyy!!!!" [clap, clap, clap]

4:55 p.m. (closing time)

Laurie: Owen, are you going upstairs tomorrow morning?

Owen: No.

Laurie [to Steven]: Are you?

Steven: No.

Lorraine: Today is today. Tomorrow is tomorrow. Who's left? Ben and Laura. Hey, Ben and Laura! Laurie, Karla, did you ever watch the show *Duet*? Did you do something. Annie Hartz? *Ay Dios mio! Ayúdame!* [She hoists two bags of trash over her shoulders and dumps them in the hall.]

Steven: Hey, Bersa! [He spits two marbles out of his mouth and gives them to Bertha.] Was da?

Bertha [laughing]: That's house keys and a big tray of leftover spinach.

Karla: It's just a dance here, just dancing!

Steven [heading out the door]: Oh, O.K.

—By Susan Schur



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TIME/MARCH 28, 1988

The Contra Tangle

Reagan's misjudgments return to haunt him



Classical tragedy demands a unity of time, place and action, a drama that unfolds in a day. In Washington last Wednesday, Ronald Reagan's flawed Iran-*contra* policy came close to just such a singular confluence. Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh announced his long-awaited criminal indictments of two of the President's former National Security Council staff members and their accomplices for diverting Iran arms profits to the Nicaraguan *contras*. Less than four hours later, the President ordered 3,200 troops into Honduras as a show of resolve against Nicaragua's Sandinistas, who once again had crossed the Honduran border to pin down the hapless *contras* in their main base.

As if the day needed any further hallmarks, several hundred people gathered at a church service in Georgetown to remember American Hostage Terry Anderson, 40, on the third anniversary of his kidnaping in West Beirut, a poignant reminder of the frustrations that underlay one leg of the Iran-*contra* affair.

Ten months before Reagan leaves office, the hostages, the *contra* question and the scandal that entwines them remain the most divisive and disabling issues of his presidency. Nicaragua, an irritant to Reagan since he arrived in Washington, clattered back to center stage. As in a tragedy, the President's past misjudgments were returning to haunt him. No matter how a jury votes on the charges against Oliver North, John Poindexter, Richard Secord and Albert Hakim, the

Dropping in: members of the 82nd Airborne parachute into Honduras



AP/WIDE WORLD

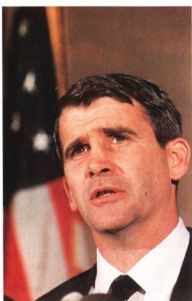
verdict is already in on Reagan's handling of his *contra* policy.

The President was determined to forge the *contras* into a weapon against the Marxist Sandinistas, but his shifting rationales for what he was doing undermined his credibility. When opposition from Congress kept him from supporting the *contras* openly, he tried to do so covertly. The Iran-*contra* scandal that ensued aggravated widespread public uneasiness over U.S. policy toward Managua and hastened the end of congressional funding for the rebels.

Now the *contras* are bereft of American aid, and may be threatened with extinction as a fighting force, eliminating what may be the only U.S. leverage for keeping the Sandinistas honest. Yet the Administration's cries of alarm have been met with widespread skepticism. Once again the President fudged his reasons for dispatching troops, offering the claim that the border battle represented a Sandinista "invasion" of Honduras. Two years ago he made the same assertion when he sent U.S. helicopters to ferry Honduran troops to the border. That crisis too had flared while he was pressing Congress to reconsider support for the *contras*. "We've heard the Administration cry 'Wolf! Wolf!' before," said Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd. "I hope it does not prove to be counterproductive [and] does not derail the peace process."

Yet the fighting in Central America was proof that the U.S. cannot simply declare victory for the peace process and get out. The Sandinistas' attempt to knock out the *contras'* remaining major supply base a week before peace talks were due to resume suggests that Nicaraguan Leader Daniel Ortega is no more interested in compromise than is the President. If Congress refuses to sustain the *contras* any longer, it must still come to terms with Reagan, or his successor, on a policy to contain the Sandinistas and foster democratic reforms in Nicaragua.

The other elements of the Iran-*contra*



North: Will he subpoena Reagan and Bush?

scandal will continue to play out even as the Reagan Administration is eclipsed by the election campaign. Last year public opinion was divided about whether the Iran-*contra* mess was a political dispute or a serious abuse of power. The charges against North and his associates mean that a jury must decide whether this national hero, as Reagan called him, is simply a criminal. North and Poindexter could be standing trial on Election Day, and the evidence against them—as well as the suspicion that the President will pardon them—could play a pivotal role in George Bush's campaign for the White House. So could North's attempts to subpoena Reagan and Bush, which he hinted at Friday.

The Administration and the public alike have done their best to draw attention elsewhere. North and the other characters in the Iran-*contra* drama dropped

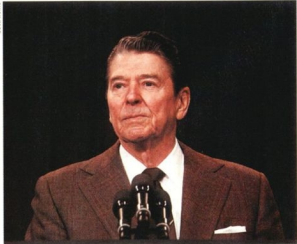
from sight after last summer's congressional hearings, and the House-Senate investigation seemed to come to an inconclusive end marked by partisan sniping. The Wall Street Crash and last December's Reagan-Gorbachev summit concentrated the nation's mind on larger matters. If the Iran-*contra* scandal has been a refrain in Democratic primary campaigns, and a stick that rivals have used to attack Bush, voters have seemed more interested in determining who can best protect their jobs and deal with Gorbachev.

Even when the House of Representatives voted against extending aid to the *contras* on Feb. 3, attention was focused on the indictment of Panama's Manuel Antonio Noriega on drug-related charges. The Canal makes Panama intrinsically more important than Nicaragua to American interests. Yet there too Washington has been embarrassed by its past policies: until evidence of Noriega's drug trafficking became too serious to ignore, the general had been a valued CIA asset. Last week the Administration continued to squeeze Panama's economy in an effort to oust Noriega, who hung on precariously despite widespread strikes, rioting and a coup attempt.

As the *contra* crisis swung the spotlight back on a half-forgotten drama, it also shifted public attention back to Ronald Reagan, who had seemed to be fading from view as the primary campaigns accelerated. Like his aides who now stand indicted, the President remained stubbornly defiant as his *contra* policy came close to collapsing. Although earlier in the week he assiduously lobbied leaders on Capitol Hill to renew the funding for his "Freedom Fighters," Reagan's attitude toward Congress and the *contras* remained unchanged. Former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane, said the President, was guilty only of "not telling Congress everything it wanted to know. I've done that myself." Unlike the protagonist in a tragedy, he had learned nothing from his losses. —By Robert T. Zintl. Reported by Barrett Seaman/Washington



Ortega: no more interested in compromise than Reagan is



The President's cries of alarm have met with widespread skepticism

Conspiracy, Fraud, Theft and Cover-Up

Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh presents his long-awaited charges



Throughout his 15-month investigation of the Iran-*contra* affair, Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh has been a figure of courtly stoicism. Amid the drama of last summer's congressional Transcam hearings, the stern-faced 76-year-old prosecutor remained quietly in the background. Despite the court battle over the constitutionality of his appointment and the barbs of critics who said his probe was moving too slowly, he moved calmly ahead with his search for evidence. But when he appeared outside federal court in Washington last week, Walsh uncharacteristically allowed his thin lips to curl into a tight, satisfied smile. Finally, he could announce the fruits of his meticulous labor: a 23-count indictment that contained sweeping charges of criminal dealings at the White House.

The targets were Ronald Reagan's former National Security Adviser John Poindexter; fired NSC Aide Oliver North; and two arms dealers, former Air Force Major General Richard Secord and Iranian-born Businessman Albert Hakim. They were charged with conspiring to defraud the U.S. by establishing and concealing a

plan for illegally supporting the Nicaraguan *contras*. The federal grand jury also charged all four defendants with theft of Government property for siphoning off more than \$17 million in proceeds from U.S. arms sales to Iran, and with wire fraud resulting from the movement of the money through Swiss bank accounts. The three counts together carry maximum penalties of 20 years in prison and fines totaling as much as \$750,000.

In addition, Poindexter and North were accused of trying to cover up their illicit actions by destroying and removing documents and making false statements. North was charged with lying to Attorney General Edwin Meese about NSC involvement in the diversion of funds to the *contras* and writing misleading letters to Congress denying that the NSC was supporting the *contras*. Former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane pleaded guilty two weeks ago to misdemeanor charges for signing the letters; he may testify against North. Poindexter was accused of a peculiarly high-tech cover-up: he purged his NSC computer files of all messages relating to the *contra* supply operation.

North, who told Congress last summer that he and Poindexter were Iran-*contra*'s designated "fall guys," bore the brunt of the indictment. Piled onto the conspiracy and obstruction charges were accusations that the Marine lieutenant colonel had embezzled \$4,300 worth of traveler's checks and received an illegal gratuity by accepting a \$13,800 home-security system from Secord.

North was also accused of conspiring to defraud the Internal Revenue Service by using the tax-exempt National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty to solicit \$3.2 million in contributions, which he used to buy lethal *contra* aid. NEPL President Carl ("Spitz") Channell and Public Relations Consultant Richard Miller pleaded guilty to the same charges last spring, and presumably will testify against North. On all the charges, North faces a possible sentence of 85 years in prison and a staggering \$4 million in fines.

He refused to take the bad news quietly. "I did not commit any crime," North declared in a press conference at his lawyer's office, his voice trembling with emotion. "I have been caught up in a bitter dispute between the Congress and the

A Restrained Show of Force

U.S. troops land in Honduras but steer clear of a border clash



Just after dawn last Friday, 800 American soldiers, their faces stained brown and green with camouflage paint, parachuted onto a dry cow pasture in central Honduras. The 82nd Airborne Division paratroopers formed a defensive perimeter, crouching in combat positions. But instead of an enemy force, they faced an army of photographers and cameramen—a fitting confrontation for a troop deployment that was more media event than military action.

The 3,200 combat soldiers dispatched to Honduras last week first pitched their tents at Palmerola air base, more than 100 miles from the *contra* sanctuaries in Honduras that were the target of an incursion by Sandinista troops. The Sandinista assault, grandiloquently characterized by the Reagan Administration as an "invasion," had prompted Washington to respond with paratroopers and infantry. There was "no intention" of sending U.S. troops into combat, assured the White House. Officially, the soldiers were there for a "readiness exercise" intended to show U.S. support for

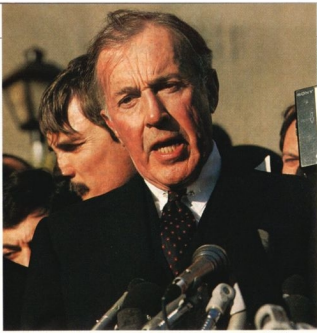
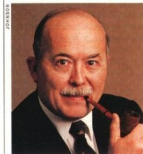
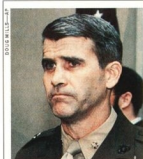
the Honduran government—a rather dubious claim, since the fighting took place in a remote, uninhabited area and posed no threat to Honduran security. The real aim was to demonstrate that the Reagan Administration was not about to abandon the embattled *contras*. The clear, if unspoken, message to the U.S. public: if Congress refused to fund the *contras*' fight against the Marxist-oriented Sandinista regime, then

American boys just might have to do the job instead.

The Sandinista offensive appeared hell-bent on crippling the *contras*. With U.S. funding for the rebels cut off since the end of February and peace talks between the *contras* and the Sandinistas scheduled to resume on March 21, Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega Saavedra saw his chance to wound his opponents badly before they got to the negotiating table. For weeks the U.S. had been monitoring a Sandinista buildup in the Bocay Valley in northern Nicaragua. But when the attacks began on March 10, they were even larger than expected. The Nicaraguan strategy was to destroy the *contra* bases along the Coco River, which separates Honduras from Nicaragua, and to capture a vital depot on the Honduran side of the border. The stockpile contains an estimated 300 tons of supplies that the CIA had flown into the area before the Feb. 29 funding cutoff. Without those arms and provisions, the *contras*' ability to wage warfare would be virtually nonexistent.

On Wednesday morning Nicaraguan troops were detected crossing the border into Honduras to attack rebel bases there. White House officials immediately responded by suggesting to Honduran President José Azcona Hoyo an American





The prosecutor and the accused: North, Poindexter, Secord and Hakim
Sweeping charges of criminal dealings at the White House.

President over the control of foreign policy, the power of the President to deter Communism in Central America, and his duty to protect our citizens from terrorist acts abroad... I intend to fight allegations of wrongdoing for as long as necessary."

North held another emotional news conference late in the week to announce his resignation from the Marine Corps. True to his sense of theater, he had traded

in his olive-green uniform and chestful of ribbons for a business suit, although his resignation will not be effective until May 1. Continued service in the Marines, said North, would be incompatible with defending himself against the charges, particularly since his lawyer may subpoena the "highest-ranking officials of our Government." The implication seemed clear: if North was to play the fall guy, he intended to drag some big shots down with

him. The list of top officials North's attorney may call on to testify could very well include President Reagan and Vice President George Bush.

Richard Secord responded to his indictment with contempt, appearing on TV news shows to denounce Walsh's investigation as a "witch-hunt." "The charges are absolutely ludicrous, and I intend to grind them to dust," he declared. Poindexter and Hakim, the more self-

"show of support" that would stop short of a combat role. On Wednesday evening Ambassador to Honduras Everett Briggs relayed a letter from Azcona to the White House requesting assistance. The letter did not specifically mention troops, but Azcona later confirmed in a news conference that he had orally asked for this option. Reagan then gave the go-ahead to send four battalions—two each from the 82nd Airborne, based at Fort Bragg, N.C., and the 7th Infantry Division, based at Fort Ord, Calif.

News of the deployment provoked sharp reactions. Ortega as well as Administration critics continued to charge that Azcona had been browbeaten into accepting the troops. Antiwar demonstrators took to the streets in Washington, Chicago and San Francisco. Many Congressmen responded with skepticism, as though they had seen it all before—and in fact they had. In March 1986, after the House rejected Reagan's *contra*-aid package, the Sandinistas attacked rebel bases along the

Honduran border. Denouncing that "invasion," the Administration reacted by using U.S. helicopters to ferry Honduran troops to the combat zone. Later the White House won a \$100 million aid package for the *contras*.

The precedent prompted charges that the Administration acted last week with the same goal in mind. Said Democratic Representative Louis Stokes of Ohio: "They want lethal aid, and this situation provided the basis for making that request." It was also

true that the Sandinistas had repeated their strange propensity to push the U.S. Congress whenever it grows weary of supporting the *contras*. Sure enough, a bipartisan group of Senators last week submitted a \$48 million *contra*-aid proposal, including some \$2.5 million for arms. Passage, however, remains uncertain.

By week's end the Sandinistas seemed to be withdrawing. On Thursday and again on Saturday, Honduran air force pilots flying F-5 jets and Super Mysteres bombed



Sandinistas evacuating San Andrés de Bocay in northern Nicaragua
Ortega's troops hoped to cripple the rebels and seize a key supply dump.

Nicaraguan targets near the border. There was little damage, but the point was explosive enough: the Hondurans, with U.S. support and prodding, were willing to defend the *contras*. The U.S. rescue mission, for the moment, seems to have saved the rebels from what might have been near military extinction. But the Sandinista sweep succeeded in weakening the rebels, and their long-range future appears far from assured. —By Richard Stengel, Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and Wilson Ring/Tegucigalpa

Nation

effacing participants in what Secord called the "enterprise," commented only through their lawyers.

At the White House, the President refused to concede that some of his former aides may have violated the law. "I have no knowledge of anything that was broken," said Reagan during a photo session with Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir. Reagan's remarks renewed speculation that he may grant presidential pardons to the accused. White House Spokesman Marlin Fitzwater reacted stonily to such suggestions. "We don't discuss pardons," he said. "Period."

Certainly it would be politically risky for Reagan to exercise his right to pardon before the presidential election. The move could create problems for likely Republican Nominee George Bush, whose role in the scandal remains a campaign issue. But after Nov. 8, Reagan will have more than two months left in office. Then only the judgment of history may prevent the President from protecting the men he still regards as loyal patriots.

Pardon or no, Bush will continue to be confronted by questions about his knowledge of the Iran-*contra* affair. Discussing the indictment on the campaign trail last week, Bush said, "The American people aren't interested" in the scandal anymore. "They think it's been exhaustively looked into." But Democratic Presidential Candidate Richard Gephardt gave the Vice President a taste of the criticism he stands to receive as the race heats up. "George Bush has already pleaded guilty to exercising bad judgment in what turned out to be the biggest American foreign policy debacle in decades," said the Missouri Congressman. "That's enough for me."

The candidates and the country have not heard the last from Walsh. "The grand jury is not finished," the independent counsel said as he announced the indictments. "This is simply an interim report." Thus the stage was set for more indictments and more scrutiny of the scandal that refuses to die.

The 101-page indictment sheds little new light on the tangled Iran-*contra* affair; it simply places events in a criminal framework. The grand jury treats the initiative to sell arms to Iran in exchange for U.S. hostages as a legitimate covert operation, not a crime. It is the abuse of that operation, the diversion of funds and other related activities, that led to the possible breaking of laws. The grand jury seems to

have reached the same conclusion as the Tower commission and the congressional committees about Reagan's involvement in the *contra* scheme: the President was practically an innocent bystander in his own Administration, oblivious to the machinations of his overzealous aides.

Walsh cast a wide net around the four defendants by handing up broad conspiracy charges as well as precise allegations of skimming for personal benefit. Conspiracy convictions are sometimes difficult to win. The Iran-*contra* defendants will counter the charges by saying they believed they had presidential authorization for their schemes to supply the Nicaraguan rebels.

The NSC staff so they could continue to realize "opportunities for substantial revenues and profits." To persuade North to stay in his White House post, Secord gave him the expensive security system while Hakim established the "B. Button" investment account, a \$200,000 fund to be used for the education of North's children. During his congressional testimony, North passionately denied any knowledge of the Button account and said he needed the security system to protect his family from the terrorist Abu Nidal. It remains to be seen how effective that explanation will be in a courtroom, where North's rambling account will be constrained by rules of evi-

dence and a prosecutor's cross examination.

But if the defendants have their way, the Iran-*contra* case will never come to trial. Defense attorneys will try to undermine Walsh's investigation from two angles. In January a federal appeals court ruled that the law authorizing independent counsels is unconstitutional. Walsh is protected by a backup appointment from Attorney General Edwin Meese. But the three months' worth of evidence that Walsh gathered before Meese's appointment could be ruled inadmissible if the Supreme Court strikes down the independent-counsel law.

A legal challenge on immunity could also lead to a protracted court battle. Poindexter, North and Hakim testified before Congress under grants of limited immunity, preventing Walsh from using any of their testimony against

them. All but one of the 29 attorneys on Walsh's team avoided TV, the radio, newspapers and magazines when immunized testimony was being aired or discussed; the exception, designated as the "tainted" prosecutor, was assigned to steer the others away from trouble. Nevertheless, the defense will argue that the indictment was affected by the forbidden testimony. The burden of proof is on Walsh. "It's not just a matter of proving that the prosecutors were in hermetically sealed isolation chambers for the last year," says Philip Lacovara, a member of the Watergate prosecution team, "but that the grand jurors were in the same isolation chamber. That's not easy." If Walsh loses that challenge, the entire indictment could be dismissed. The arguments could drag on for a year or more. By the time North and his associates ever face a jury, Ronald Reagan may be long gone from the White House.

By Jacob V. Lamer.

Reported by Anne Constable/Washington

THE INDICTMENT



Conspiracy

All four — North, Poindexter, Secord and Hakim — are charged with conspiracy to defraud the U.S., theft of Government property and wire fraud for their involvement in diverting the profits from Iranian arms sales to the *contras*, and transferring funds by wire communications. North is also charged with conspiracy to defraud the IRS by using a tax-exempt organization to raise funds for the *contras*.

Cover-Up

North and Poindexter are charged with obstruction of Congress and making false statements in deliberately misleading or withholding information from Congress and other Government officials about the diversion. North is charged with "concealing, removing, mutilating, obliterating, falsifying and destroying" official documents.

Payoffs

Secord and Hakim are charged with conspiracy to pay North illegal gratuities; Secord for providing a \$13,800 security system. Both are charged with offering financial assistance for North's children's education. North is charged with receipt of the system, lying about it, and with converting traveler's checks given to him by *Contra* Leader Adolfo Calero.

TIME Chart by Cynthia Davis

But if Walsh can convince a jury that the defendants were busy lining their pockets, it could help him win guilty verdicts on the broader counts as well.

According to the grand jury, North was cagey and aggressive in securing profits for the enterprise managed by Secord and Hakim. In January 1986, for instance, North arranged to sell 4,000 TOW missiles to Iran for \$10,000 each. The Iranians paid \$10 million for the first shipment of 1,000 TOWs. But North told the CIA he had sold the weapons for only \$3,469 apiece. The U.S. Government, through the CIA, received just \$3.7 million on the deal. Some of the remaining \$6.3 million was used to aid the *contras*, but the bulk of it was retained by Secord and Hakim. Walsh charges that the money is the rightful property of the U.S., but the arms merchants have repeatedly said the money belongs only to the enterprise.

The grand jury alleges that Secord and Hakim encouraged North to remain on

—Mrs. James S. Brady—

"A \$29 handgun shattered my family's life."

"Seven years ago, John Hinckley pulled a \$29 revolver from his pocket and opened fire on a Washington street. He shot the President. He also shot my husband.



I'm not asking for your sympathy. I'm asking for your help.

I've learned from my own experience that, alone, there's only so much you can do to stop handgun violence. But that together, we can confront the mightiest gun lobby—the N.R.A.—and win.

I've only to look at my husband Jim to remember that awful day...the unending TV coverage of the handgun firing over and over...the nightmare panic and fear.

It's an absolute miracle nobody was killed. After all, twenty thousand Americans are killed by handguns every year. Thousands more—men, women, even children—are maimed for life.

Like me, I know you support *stronger* handgun control laws. So does the vast majority of Americans. But the National Rifle Association can spend so much in elections that Congress is afraid to pass an effective national handgun law.

It's time to change that. Before it's too late for another family like mine...a family like yours.

I joined Handgun Control, Inc. because they're willing to take on the N.R.A. Right now we're campaigning for a national waiting period and background check on handgun purchases.

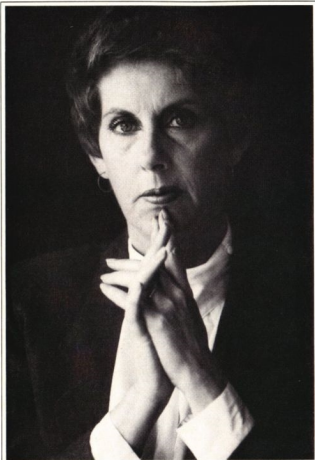
If such simple, basic measures had been on the books seven years ago, John Hinckley would never have walked out of that Texas pawnshop with the handgun which came within an inch of killing Ronald Reagan. He lied on his purchase application. Given time, the police could have caught the lie and put him in jail.

Of course, John Hinckley's not the only one. Police report that thousands of known criminals buy handguns right over the counter in this country. We have to stop them.

So, please, pick up a pen. Write me to find out how you can help. And support our work with a generous contribution.

It's time we kept handguns out of the wrong hands. It's time to break the National Rifle Association's grip on Congress and start making our cities and neighborhoods safe again.

Thank you and God bless you."



"Don't let it happen to you."

Dear Sarah,

It's time to break the N.R.A.'s grip on Congress once and for all. Here's my contribution to Handgun Control, Inc., the million-strong nonprofit citizens' group you help direct:

☐ \$15 ☐ \$29 ☐ \$35 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 or \$ _____

☐ Tell me more about how I can help.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

HANDGUN CONTROL

1400 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005, (202) 898-0792

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CH 10

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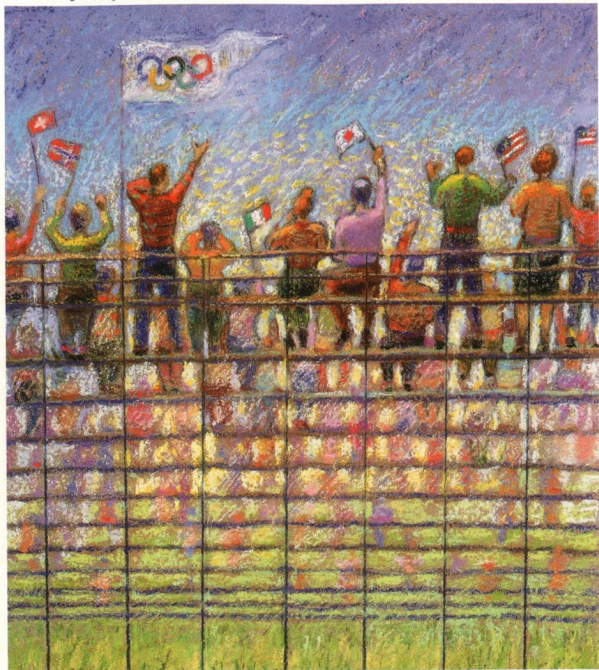
"THE SPECTATORS"

by Carolyn Holman, 25

Art Center College of Design

Instructor: Philip Hays

Pasadena, California



Challenged in a nationwide contest to create an original work of art to aid the U.S. Olympic team, Carolyn Holman drew inspiration not from the competitors, but from the crowd. "For every competing athlete," says Carolyn, "there are thousands of spectators who share in the thrill and magic of the Olympic moment. My entry keeps the event a mystery to focus

on the support and enthusiasm they give in return."

Won't you give? Make the leap from enthusiastic spectator to sponsor and support your team with a tax-deductible contribution. We'll send you an official U.S. Olympic pin in return. Write: The U.S. Olympic Committee, Fund '88, Colorado Springs, CO 80950. Or call toll-free: 1-800-847-2872.

This message contributed to the U.S. Olympic Committee by TIME Magazine

Return of the Living Dead

Can Dukakis win on points without scoring any knockouts?



The race for the Democratic nomination is beginning to look like a campaign of the living dead. Going into last week, the seven-man field had finally seemed to narrow to three alive-and-well candidates: Michael Dukakis, Jesse Jackson and Al Gore. But the Illinois primary somehow served as a reverse winnow, adding to the list of viable candidates rather than killing anyone off. Paul Simon, whose death in New Hampshire meant that he could not win a delegate anywhere on Super Tuesday, resurrected himself sufficiently to win as a favorite son. Richard Gephardt—who was stillborn at the new year, resuscitated in Iowa and then died aborning in the South—is taking advantage of the new murkiness to attempt a second coming this Saturday in Michigan. Suddenly, as a result of what Elaine Kamarck, an architect of the party's rules, calls "a failure to die," there are five again.

There were few lessons in the Illinois results other than further evidence of the party's fragmentation. Jesse Jackson, who came in second, failed to win more than 8% of the white vote. By coming in third, Dukakis showed that his message of better-me-than-a-brokered-convention did not turn out to be the inspirational theme he has been searching for. Gore, with a paltry 5%, demonstrated that his ability to win votes up North is no better now than it was before his Super Tuesday Border State victories.

About the only thing Illinois proved is that despite the obvious weaknesses of his opponents, Dukakis has not yet emerged strong enough to knock off any of them once and for all. As long as four white candidates stay in the race, Jackson could retain his lead in number of popular votes cast (he has 3.1 million so far, in contrast to 2.8 million for Dukakis) and continue to run second in delegates, even though the states still to vote have a lower percentage of blacks. It now seems almost certain that no candidate will win an outright majority by the end of the primary season, and it is becoming increasingly possible that neither Dukakis nor anyone else will reach the "critical mass" of delegate strength that will make it easy to corral enough strays in June to lock up the nomination.

While bartered-convention phobia did not catch on among Illinois voters, it

strikes fear in the heart of Democratic Party Pooh-Bahs, who prefer a little cigar smoke swirling around the back rooms before the convention to a prime-time brawl on national television. To that end, Party Chairman Paul Kirk announced that he would seek a meeting with all the candidates after the New Jersey and California primaries on June 7 to urge consensus support behind an "inevitable nominee," a euphemism for a candidate who is not strong



Simon winning in Illinois as Gephardt forges on

A demolition derby where no one stays sidelined.

enough to be a full-fledged front runner but could be made one with a little help from his friends. One side effect would be to neutralize Jackson, and perhaps antagonize him. Mario Cuomo told *Nightline*'s Ted Koppel that although he may remain uncommitted until June, he thinks the party should unite behind one of the surviving candidates to give him 51% before the convention. In a meeting with New Jersey's Democratic leadership, Bill Bradley crushed proposals for a favorite-son slate by announcing that he would endorse a candidate before the state's primary.

Democrats can expect little in the way of clarity from this Saturday's caucus in Michigan. Gephardt, once thought to be a natural there with his protectionist message, has been handicapped by a lack of money since his poor showing in the South. Gephardt may still be able to pull the "\$48,000 Hyundai" out of the garage for some mileage around Detroit, but that is no substitute for his failure to win the support of the United Auto Workers.

Dukakis must do well in Michigan to prove, finally, that he can attract the Democrats' core blue-collar constituency. He has the endorsement of former U.A.W. President Douglas Fraser and a bulging wallet, but still no ability to generate

much emotional attachment. Detroit Mayor Coleman Young's halfhearted quasi-endorsement is likely to hurt the Massachusetts Governor as much as help him. Says State Democratic Committee Member Morley Winograd: "It won't get him any white votes, in fact it could cost him white votes in the Detroit suburbs, and the black vote will go to Jesse."

Gore is making an effort in Michigan, picking up the endorsements of the party's top legislative leaders. But he suffers from playing out his "I'm one of you" message in the South, and he has yet to find another message. He flirited in Illinois with becoming the

anti-Establishment candidate, a hard metamorphosis for a Senator's son who attended St. Albans and Harvard. But he seems most at home talking defense or microchips. The only passion he could muster in Illinois—a speech about the Government's important role in the coming information revolution, delivered in front of a Cray X-MP/24 supercomputer—is no more likely to find adherents in Rust Belt Michigan than it did in Illinois.

As the campaign drags on, the real race may devolve into a scavenger hunt for delegates. The particular target will be the 646 super-delegates—those party leaders, Congressmen and state and local officials who will go to the convention nominally uncommitted. Says Mark Siegel, the national committeeman from Maryland: "We're being plastered with literature and state poll results. We're being told about trains and stations." But the departure of trains is not much of a threat when their engines have yet to build up much steam. So for now most party powers, like many voters, are waiting on the platform. It is hard enough just keeping track of who is coming and going.

—By Margaret B. Carlson.
Reported by Laurence L. Barrett/Washington, with other bureaus

A Scenario for Breaking the Gridlock



The Democrats are sailing into uncharted waters in their inability to select a nominee. The following imaginary scenario illustrates the kind of high-stakes bartering that could occur in the frenzied weeks leading up to the convention.

June 9: As he waited for the five Democratic candidates, Paul Kirk mused that even the Pope has more divisions than the Democratic Party chairman. For weeks Kirk had been talking of leading a bandwagon of perhaps 400 super-delegates to the front runner. But after two days of working the phones, Kirk had only 208 commitments. If only Mike Dukakis had caught fire. Instead, he had staggered across the finish line more than 600 votes short of nomination.

There was an awkward formality to Kirk's unity meeting. A little nervous laughter broke out when Jesse Jackson asked, "Don't any of you want to be my Vice President? No heavy lifting, and I'll let you go to all the good funerals." But behind his smile was a clear understanding that Kirk's ploy was really a way to neutralize Jackson's clout. No way.

Kirk decided it was time to bluff it out. "The only way we can win in November is if we agree on a nominee right now.

movement, my power is lacking. My delegates have their own dreams, their own schemes. Even if I could deliver 500 of them, that would still leave you miles from victory."

June 22: "Our topic tonight is Democratic gridlock and how to break it," Ted Koppel declared at the beginning of a special edition of *Nightline*. "With us are all five candidates."

It was almost inevitable: a TV anchor trying to play modern-day power broker, using split-screen technology to seek the deal that had eluded Paul Kirk. First pairing Dukakis and Gephardt, Koppel relentlessly bored in: "Governor, would you accept the Congress as your running mate if he would endorse you?" Dukakis answered with characteristic caution, "I would certainly consider Congressmen Gephardt, as well as Senator Gore, along with many other fine Democrats." Suddenly Gephardt was gone, and Gore was on the split screen. "Senator," Koppel intoned, "would you accept the vice presidency?" Gore remained unflustered as he answered, "Ted, as I've said many times, I would be uncomfortable anywhere but on the top of the ticket."

Zap. Gephardt was back. "I do think it would be possible," he said, "now that Mike has modified his trade stance, and if the convention desires..." His voice trailed off. The director

| | Dukakis | Jackson | Gore | Simon | Gephardt | Others |
|-------------------|---|---|--|---|--|--|
| Delegates* | 482 | 470 | 358 | 172 | 145 | 273** |
| Odds | Even | 50-1 | 4-1 | 40-1 | 12-1 | 9-2 |
| | Slow and steady may win, but even a tortoise would be shell-shocked by his Illinois finish. | His nomination still makes no conventional sense. But what outcome does make sense? | This hothouse flower is difficult to transplant up North. Maybe a warm spell will hit. | Back on the boards after Illinois, but his idea of a national campaign is to run also in Wisconsin. | If he loses Michigan, he is back in the House. But if he wins, he is back in the hunt. | Despite the gridlock, Mario Cuomo seems mostly running for a slot as permanent guest on <i>Nightline</i> . |

*Source: Associated Press, as of 3/18

Odds and odds by Walter Shapiro. TIME Chart by Cynthia Davis

**Includes uncommitted

I'm ready to endorse Mike if someone will help me put him over the top." The silence that followed was almost as long as the primary season. "No deal," said Richard Gephardt at last. "I've given up my House seat for this race, and I'm \$700,000 in debt. It does none of us any good, except Mike, to change the rules now." Kirk and the candidates spent the next hour arguing over what to say to the press.

June 18: Al Gore had been preparing for this summit for months. Every phone call, every chance meeting in airports, had been designed to lay the groundwork. Now, as Gore sat across the table from Jackson in Carthage, Tenn., he sensed that the nomination was in his grasp. "Jesse, this is what you've been fighting for all your life," Gore began quietly. "Unlike any other black in history, you have been given the power to choose the next President."

Gore was careful not to mention the vice presidency; that would be seen as pandering. The promise of consultation on jobs was implicit. There was no need to dwell on it. What Gore discussed instead was their shared Southern heritage and what it had taught him about race, poverty and man's capacity to change. There was a passion in Gore's voice that a Northerner like Dukakis could not have equaled.

"Somebody's been teaching you how to preach," Jackson said with sincerity. Gore, his eyes on the prize, smiled broadly. "But," Jackson continued, "I am both a man and a movement. As a man, I can give you my private backing. But as a

ordered a close-up of Dukakis, silently doing the math once more; Gephardt, even if he could sway all his delegates, could not assure the nomination. "Forgive me, Ted," Dukakis said, "but really this is not the forum to be holding such conversations. As I've said before, I'll be talking with Dick and many others, but I don't think this is the place."

June 30: More than 200 delegates had chartered a special train to Albany to personally petition Mario Cuomo to save the party from chaos. Now they listened as Cuomo laboriously reviewed the Jesuitic logic that undergirded every statement he had ever made about running. "My resolve not to seek the presidency remains steadfast," Cuomo declared amid a chorus of groans and muttered imprecations. "But I have also always said that I do not have the vanity, I do not have the prideful stubbornness to turn my back on my party." As the applause died down, Cuomo hastened to make himself perfectly unclear: "My position has not changed. I will not actively seek the presidency. But neither will I forsake the needs of my party."

July 1: In the end it was a kind of tribal loyalty that swayed Gore. For more than a year, he and Dukakis had suffered together through a mad swirl of airports and motels, victories and defeats. Now they both risked losing all to the interloper from Albany. All Dukakis needed to hear was Gore's opening line on the telephone: "Mike, I hear you're looking for a Vice President."

—By Walter Shapiro

Sailing Against the Wind

Like Captain Ahab, Bob Dole seems driven by his quest



"What is it, what nameless, inscrutable, unearthly thing is it . . . I so keep pushing, and crowding, and jamming myself on all the time . . . ?"

—Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*, by Herman Melville

Robert Dole would not give in. Looking ghastly, his eyes glittering behind a sallow mask of TV makeup, Dole began a last-ditch 30-min. appeal to the voters of Illinois. Minutes into the live broadcast, the screen went black. Like Captain Ahab, who laughed when a freak storm reversed his ship's compass, Dole remained eerily serene. Adversity and bad luck had become so familiar they were almost old friends. He kept on going.

Dole's personality has always been the real problem underlying his candidacy; his complex presence overshadowed his policies and views on issues. Even before George Bush trounced him last week, Dole's campaign had become a psychodrama: How far would he go in his relentless quest? In Washington, Senate colleagues delicately urged him to be "positive"; they didn't want the brilliant and witty minority leader to come off like an obsessed sea captain stalking the Great White Whale.

Dole had never been able to mask his anger: his valid arguments against Bush kept getting ensnared in personal discontent. Advisers who implored him to stop missed the point. He couldn't. On the

campaign trail, he had trained himself to describe his crippling war injury so matter-of-factly that people forgot how deep a psychological scar it had left. His all-consuming political drive had been forged in hardship, pain and solitude. Fiercely independent and iron-willed, Dole really trusted only his own judgment. Not surprisingly, he failed to assemble a first-rate



Seeking the lee shore: the candidate moves on to Wisconsin

For one week, the radiant smile of a young man in love.

organization. "It's not that we're falling apart now," said a veteran last week. "It's that we were never together."

When Dole came close to carrying New Hampshire, he briefly seemed transformed. For one week, he wore the radiant, goofy smile of a young man in love. His campaign badly miscalculated, and Bush prevailed instead. Neither Dole nor his shaky organization recov-

ered. Soon after, Dole mocked himself, joking that he had worked on his Inaugural Address instead of strategy. Along with his sense of humor, Dole regained his fatalism, resentment and mistrust: those instincts, at least, had never left him down.

Dole began teasing the press corps about David Owen, the friend who resigned after questions arose about Elizabeth Dole's blind trust. He developed a comic riff, joking that Owen was secretly dividing up his wife's trust fund with General Noriega. There was an edge: Dole was brooding that he had been forced to sacrifice his friend while even after Iran-*contra* broke, the Vice President had held on to staffers with alleged links to the scandal. The comparison became another haunting symbol of life's unfairness.

After the crushing Super Tuesday defeat, several senior aides prepared for a dignified withdrawal. Dole wasn't ready to quit, and he fought it furiously. "Others may be advising you," he snarled to reporters in Madison, Wis., "but they haven't been advising me." No one dared tell Dole directly to get out. He is not a man to be confronted.

Last Wednesday morning, after his defeat in Illinois, Dole returned to the Senate floor, too proud to appear vulnerable or idle. When colleagues warmly welcomed him to their fold, he snapped, "I'm not back." Serenity has never come easily to Dole. "If you're out there and you've been twisting in the wind for six or seven months and you start to smell a little," he said in Chicago, "then maybe somebody has to cut the rope." —By Alessandra Stanley/Washington

On the Grapevine



Close encounter. Although George Bush had adamantly rejected Bob Dole's challenge to a series of debates in Illinois, both wound up at separate events at Knox College in Galesburg, site of a Lincoln-Douglas clash. Fearful of an ambush, Bush's men dispatched a staffer with a walkie-talkie to watch Dole. When Dole finished his event and headed toward where Bush was giving his dinner speech, the staffer frantically radioed, "He's on his way over!"

Bush was flashed a prearranged signal. Quickly wrapping up his remarks and shaking hands on the fly, he hurried into his limousine. Dole got lost on the way to the dinner and then was blocked by the Bush motorcade. In a scene that summed up his campaign, Dole was left wanly waving at the departing Bush.

Swapping numbers. Paul Simon and Bruce Babbitt have quietly struck a deal. In a maneuver arranged by a Babbitt aide, some Simon supporters who have reached the \$1,000 donation ceiling are contributing to Babbitt's campaign on the condition that an equal number of Babbitt donors do the

same for Simon. That helps both sides get around the \$1,000 limit and increases the matching funds available to Simon.

Paper ties. Many natives wondered why the Chicago *Tribune* endorsed Al Gore, who was at the bottom of the paper's polls. But Editor Jim Squires is a close friend of Gore's and talks with him regularly. The relationship dates back to the early 1970s, when Gore worked for Squires as a cub reporter on the Nashville *Tennessean*. The top editors of the Atlanta *Constitution* and Orlando *Sentinel* also worked with Gore in Nashville, and both papers likewise endorsed him.

What's in a name? The Secret Service's secret code names for the candidates tend to be apt. Albert Gore is known as "Sawhorse," reflecting his stolid, down-home style, and George Bush is called "Timber Wolf," evoking his slightly frenetic doggedness. Jesse Jackson's moniker is a bit more mysterious: "Pontiac." Says an agent of his superiors: "It was probably just something they came up with one day over lunch." Or perhaps it has something to do with the ads that tout, "We build excitement."

A Futile Veto on Civil Rights

Congress prepares to override Reagan on a bipartisan bill

The bill on his desk, Ronald Reagan thundered, "would vastly and unjustifiably expand the power of the Federal Government" and could even strike a blow against religious liberty. It was the kind of veto message that in years past the President could almost always make stick. But last week nobody except the Moral Majority, some business groups and a handful of conservative Senators was listening, and the most they could do was put off a Senate vote overriding the veto of the Civil Rights Restoration Act until early this week. Few in Congress or the White House have much doubt that both chambers will vote by a top-heavy majority to make the bill law. Minnesota Republican Senator Rudy Boschwitz predicted that "the veto will be overridden handily."

That will end what civil rights groups regard as a four-year hamstringing of enforcement of the laws barring discrimination on the basis of race, sex, age or handicap. In its 1984 *Grove City College v. Bell* decision, the Supreme Court ruled that those laws were not intended to apply to entire institutions that receive federal aid, such as colleges, hospitals and corporations, but only to particular programs. Thus a university laboratory that received federal research grants could not discriminate, but the same university's history department that got no cash from Washington

could. Legislators howled that the court was misinterpreting the intent of Congress, and began a bipartisan effort to make that intent unmistakable: if any part of an institution gets federal money, no part can discriminate.

Reagan said he agreed with that principle. His main objection to the Restora-



Grove City College: now the law's intent should be clear

tion Act was that it contained ambiguous language that could be interpreted to allow federal dictation to small businesses and even churches and synagogues. Some foes of the bill took up the cry and unleashed a barrage of phone calls to Capitol Hill. Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority charged, somewhat hysterically, that the bill could force churches to hire a "practicing, active homosexual drug addict with AIDS to be a

teacher or youth pastor." Some mainstream religious groups scoffed at these fears as chimeras. Even most Republicans seemed less impressed by the evangelical broadsides than by the dangers of voting against anything called a civil rights act in an election year. Moreover, however valid Reagan's technical objections might be, they were undermined by his reputation for indifference or even hostility to civil rights enforcement.

Two years ago the outcome might have been different. From 1981 through 1986, Reagan vetoed 59 bills; only six of those vetoes were overridden. In addition, the mere threat of a veto caused Congress either to kill or to rewrite many bills. But since the Democrats gained control of the Senate in the 1986 elections, it has been Congress that has been imposing its will on the President. Reagan has swallowed many congressional actions of which he strongly disapproved—the military-spending cuts forced by last year's budget compromise, for example—rather than risk what he knew would be futile vetoes.

The civil rights veto is only his fourth since the start of 1987, and almost surely will be the third to be overturned. Reagan's batting average may soon fall even further. He is now threatening to reject a bill that would require the Administration to report to Congress within 48 hours of launching any covert military operations. Nonetheless, the Senate passed the bill last week 71 to 19—well over the two-thirds vote needed to kill a veto. —By George J. Church, Reported by Ted Gup and Barrett Seaman/Washington

"Don't Shoot!"

Death of a racing promoter

A world-renowned speed racer turned millionaire sports promoter, Mickey Thompson took a daring attitude toward trouble. Last November he remarked to friends in the Los Angeles area that some "nut" had been phoning him with death threats. "Mickey told me that some cuckoos were calling him at home," recalled Ernie Alvarado, who knew Thompson for 30 years. "He thought he knew who it was. I asked if he had called the police, and he just said it was taken care of."

Thompson was wrong. Early one morning last week, as he and his wife Trudy prepared to leave their estate in the private community of Bradbury, Calif., to drive to their office in Anaheim, they were ambushed. Police believe that two men arrived on bicycles and killed Thompson, 59, with shots to the head and torso. A neighbor, stirred by the gunplay,

awoke to Trudy Thompson's desperate cries of "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" Moments later Trudy, 41, lay dead.

The double assassination stunned the racing world. Known as the "Speed King," Thompson had established nearly 500 racing and endurance records and had set the standards for three generations of hot rodders. In 1960 he became the first American to travel over 400 m.p.h. on land when his specially de-



Before the tragedy: Thompson with his wife Trudy
A mysterious end to a daredevil's life.

signed four-engine *Challenger 1* clocked 406.6 m.p.h. at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah. He started Mickey Thompson Enterprises, a custom auto-parts manufacturer, in Long Beach, Calif. Ten years ago Thompson branched into sports promotion and became the leading sponsor of motor-sports events at arenas like the Los Angeles Coliseum, the Rose Bowl and Anaheim Stadium. However, his partnership with Promoter Mike Goodwin dissolved into a bitter series of multimillion-dollar lawsuits. In May 1986, Thompson won a judgment against Goodwin ultimately totaling almost \$800,000. Goodwin declared bankruptcy later that year and failed to pay up.

Investigators apparently have not determined a motive for the crime. Just three days before the shootings, Thompson mentioned another death threat to his friend but still did not contact the police. The disregard for danger that marked Thompson's driving career may have led to his death in his own front yard.

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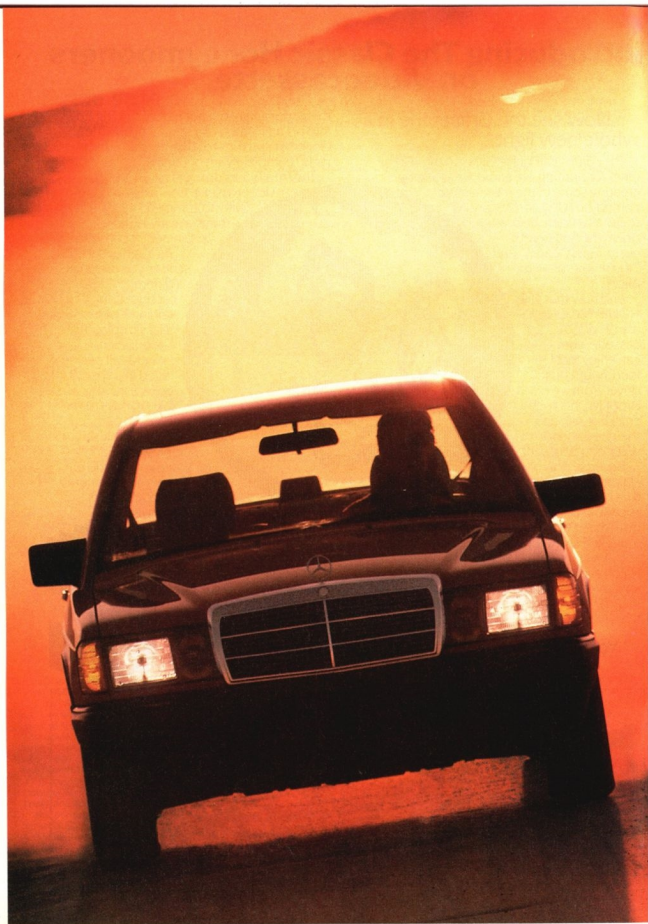
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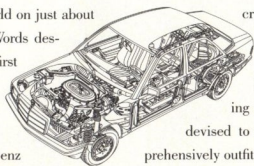
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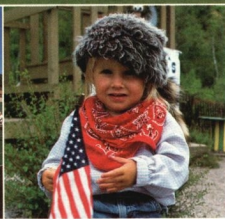
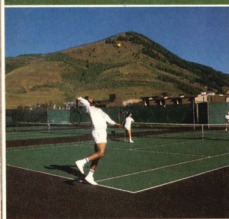
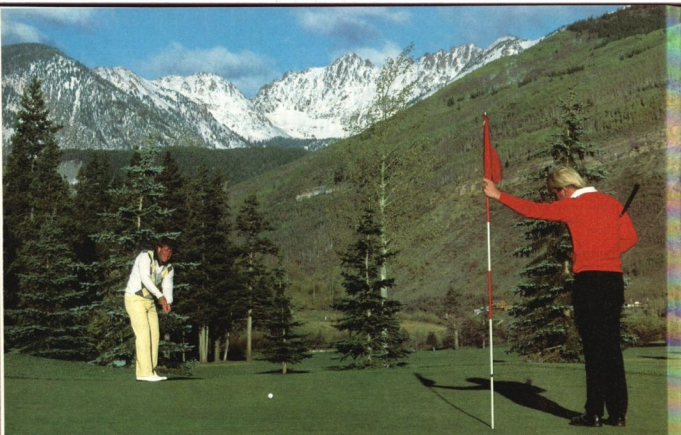
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Hullabaloo on the Hudson

Questions over a racial attack unsettle a sleepy town

Wappingers Falls is so ordinary that it could serve as a set for the old television show *Twilight Zone*. Eighty miles up the Hudson River from New York City, the Dutchess County town has an unassuming 1950s air. A highway strip of car dealerships and fast-food joints leads into a village centered on a grassy park with a bandstand. A sign on Main Street announces Saturday-night bingo at St. Mary's Church. The biggest employer is IBM. The second biggest is New York State, which maintains a scattering of prisons and hospitals in the area.

And like a *Twilight Zone* set, Wappingers Falls (pop. 5,000) has become the scene of a netherworld nightmare, a place where reality seems as distorted as a fun-

conference and identified a Dutchess County assistant district attorney as one of her attackers. That set the stage for a catch-22 impasse: the lawyers refuse to provide evidence until arrests are made, while law-enforcement officials say they cannot arrest anyone without evidence. Meanwhile, a swirl of questions revolves around the Dec. 2 suicide of a part-time policeman; the withdrawal from the case by the local district attorney, who cited an unspecified conflict of interest; and a history of violence in the Brawley family.

Against this backdrop, an eccentric cast of characters has been winding its way through the Wappingers Falls mystery in a human tapestry worthy of Tom Wolfe's novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. Comedy

linked to the Irish Republican Army.

Although the rhetoric surrounding the case crackles with racial tension, relations in Wappingers Falls, where whites outnumber blacks 10 to 1, may be little different from those in most small towns in America. "I'm proud of this community," says Sherwood Thompson, 59, the only black in Dutchess County's 35-member legislature. "It should not be painted as a hotbed of racism, although racism is here." Cheryl Chapman, a black gas-station clerk, searches her memory in vain for any racial incident. She and her husband have happily raised four sons in a mostly white subdivision and a mostly white school. "I don't disbelieve Tawana's story," she said. "But I don't believe a whole community should be indicted. It's been a friendly place to me."

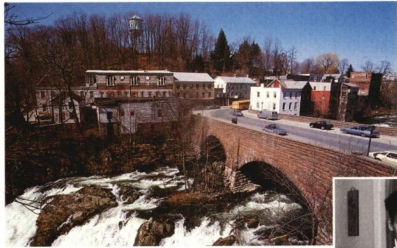
At O'Toole's bar, across from the Pennypincher Thrift Shop, shamrocks gaily adorn the walls, but the mood is somber. Talk of the case centers on Brawley's mother's boyfriend, Ralph King, 40, a burly bus driver who served seven years in prison for killing his first wife. Brawley had told friends she was in trouble with King and didn't want to go home. "It's all a family affair; that's the general feeling," said Bartender Tom Coshier. "I've been here all my life. I've never seen any racial problems in this village." But hardly had Coshier spoken than a patron, a local quarry worker, began muttering about the "nigger"—King—who had "gotten off" with a prison sentence too short for the patron's liking.

Although Wappingers Falls' racial record was clean, at least before the Brawley case, disturbing events have occurred in nearby counties. Charges were dismissed against two white policemen who killed a black teenager with a choke hold after a 1986 disturbance at a Wallkill movie theater. Black and Hispanic inmates at the Orange County jail reported that they were assaulted last November by guards wielding hoses, but an internal investigation absolved the guards.

Baptist Minister Saul Williams argues that Brawley's lawyers "feel a need to turn on all the lights so they make sure nothing is hidden." But the confrontational strategy has alienated black politicians and some civil rights groups. Conrad Lynn, a prominent black lawyer, charges that Brawley has been made into a "political football." As a grand-jury investigation enters its fourth week in Poughkeepsie, prosecutors are still baffled. "The trail is growing cold," Cuomo warned recently. "If the Brawleys don't come forward, we are not going to get this case prosecuted." Without the key testimony of the victim, the painstaking investigation is likely to grind on for at least six months—possibly to an inconclusive end.

—By Margot Horblower/

Wappingers Falls



Mystery in Wappingers Falls: an ordinary village, a netherworld nightmare
Tawana Brawley, right, won't talk, and the investigation stalls.

house mirror. Last Nov. 24 Tawana Brawley, a 15-year-old black girl, got off a bus on Route 9 and disappeared. Four days later the onetime cheerleader was found in a daze, crawling into a garbage bag in the backyard of her family's former apartment complex. Her hair was crudely cropped, her body smeared with dog feces, her chest inscribed in charcoal with the letters KKK and the word NIGGER. At the hospital, a black policeman asked Brawley, "Who did it?" She reached for his badge and scrawled on a piece of paper, "white cop."

Brawley gave a disjointed story of being sexually assaulted in the woods by six white men. Shortly afterward, black activists from New York City arrived in Wappingers Falls to take charge of the case. On their advice, Brawley clammed up, refusing to provide investigators with further details. In the ensuing months, the case exploded into a statewide political and racial controversy, bathed in a glow of national publicity.

In a stunning and unexpected turn, last week Brawley's lawyers called a news

conference and identified a Dutchess County assistant district attorney as one of her attackers. That set the stage for a catch-22 impasse: the lawyers refuse to provide evidence until arrests are made, while law-enforcement officials say they cannot arrest anyone without evidence. Meanwhile, a swirl of questions revolves around the Dec. 2 suicide of a part-time policeman; the withdrawal from the case by the local district attorney, who cited an unspecified conflict of interest; and a history of violence in the Brawley family.

Against this backdrop, an eccentric cast of characters has been winding its way through the Wappingers Falls mystery in a human tapestry worthy of Tom Wolfe's novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. Comedy



TAWANA BRAWLEY—AP/WIDEWORLD

A New

A photograph of several horses running through shallow water, creating large splashes. The horses are in various colors, including white, brown, and black. The background is a dark, wooded area. The overall scene is dynamic and energetic.

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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American Notes



CIVIL RIGHTS Jordan meets the press



DEFENSE Abrams tanks in West Germany



FLORIDA Lee Grant, in living color

CIVIL RIGHTS

Victory for Deaf Power

"It is a historic moment for deaf people around the world." So said a jubilant Irving King Jordan last week, in words and sign language, after being named president of Gallaudet University, the nation's only institution of higher learning for the hearing impaired. Jordan, 44, who is deaf, was appointed after a week of student protests and class boycotts sparked by the naming of Elisabeth Ann Zinser, who is sound of hearing. Zinser, 48, resigned after only two days in office. Board Chairwoman Jane Bassett Spilman also resigned, to clear the way for another student demand: the formation of a new board with a majority of deaf people.

WASHINGTON

Capitol Hill Sweatshop

Deep in the bowels of the building, the employees toil in cramped, poorly ventilated rooms, working up to 70 hours a week without overtime. A Dickensian tale about a 19th century sweatshop? Hardly. The scene takes place in the mail "folding room" of the U.S. House of Representatives, where workers have long complained about "prison-like"

conditions of employment.

The quiet scandal, uncovered by the Washington newspaper *Roll Call*, exists because Congress may constitutionally exempt itself from compliance with its own laws. As a result, congressional employees are not covered by fair-labor laws and civil rights legislation. Thus workers in the folding room do not receive any pay for the overtime hours they spend stuffing envelopes with legislators' free mailings.

Under an amendment proposed by Texas Republican Steve Bartlett, Congress may be forced to provide better working conditions. The measure would bring more than 1,000 Capitol Hill employees, including grounds keepers, plumbers and mail-room workers, under the protection of the fair-employment act.

DEFENSE

Hot New Armor For the Abrams

As American M1 Abrams tanks maneuver through war games on the West German plain, NATO strategists worry about how to protect them from increasingly powerful Soviet antitank missiles. Last week the Army announced the development of an armor that will give the Abrams far better combat survivability. "This isn't a 10% upgrade in protection, this is a 100% upgrade," said Phillip Karber, a vice

president of the weapons-testing BDM Corp. and an expert on tanks. The new armor, containing depleted uranium encased in steel, will not reduce the tank's top speed of 42 m.p.h. The Pentagon says that the uranium, a residue of the weapons' production process, will expose crewmen to only a slight radiation dose that poses no health hazard. The first of 2,499 newly armored tanks is scheduled to clatter off the assembly line in October.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

Locking Away The Files

From 1948 until 1976, the FBI conducted a campaign of break-ins and infiltration against the Socialist Workers Party and the Young Socialist Alliance, two Trotskyite organizations. Two years ago, a federal judge castigated the bureau for violating the constitutional rights of both groups by illegally assembling nearly 10 million files on their members. Last week, in the final act of a 15-year legal battle, the Justice Department dropped its appeal of a 1987 court order that barred the Government from using the information in those surveillance reports.

The U.S. Office of Personnel Management and other agencies had contended that not utilizing the material might impede their investigations of the "suitability, reli-

ability and loyalty" of applicants for sensitive federal jobs. Following abandonment of the appeal, Attorney Leonard Boudin, who represented the Socialist Workers, called the case a "laboratory dissection of the Government's attempt to destroy a political party."

FLORIDA

The Dress of A Salesman

For 35 years Lee Grant of Sarasota, Fla., collected a wallful of "Salesman of the Year" plaques for his skill at moving Fords and Buicks off the lot. But when the new president of the local dealership issued a strict dress code requiring all used-car salesmen to wear sport coats, Grant decided to make his own fashion statement. He went out and bought two eye-torturing sport coats—a screaming fuchsia and a rainbow plaid—to go with his gray and green slacks. Already annoyed by Grant's frequent catnaps and snacking on the job, Dealer Conrad Darby fired one of his best salesmen. Grant did not take this lying down. Claiming that Darby had forced out all but two salesmen over age 40 since taking control of the business four years ago, Grant, 64, is suing him for age discrimination and seeking \$1 million in damages. Says Grant: "He just wanted to get rid of all of us old fellows."

World

PANAMA

Kiss, Kiss, Bang, Bang

Noriega thwarts a coup, then tries to negotiate a slick, and safe, departure

For General Manuel Antonio Noriega, the crisis seemed to grow more desperate by the day. As Panama suffered through a worsening cash crunch and continuing street protests, the strongman faced a revolt by some officers of the once unswervingly loyal Panamanian Defense Forces. The rebellion erupted shortly after dawn last Wednesday: residents living near Noriega's Panama City headquarters heard the crack of gunfire from inside the iron-gated compound. Reports of a coup quickly swept the capital. The rumors grew until 9:30 a.m., when Noriega appeared at a window and waved. Wearing a white *guayabera* sport shirt, the general later ventured out of the building to talk with reporters. Asked what the gunfire had been about, he pressed his fingers to his lips and replied, "Just kisses. Kisses for journalists."

But as Noriega's frozen smile suggested, the shots could not be dismissed so easily. Led by five officers, including Colonel Leonidas Macias, chief of the national police, the mutiny marked a milestone in an opposition drive, supported if not engineered by the U.S., to force Noriega from power. "This explodes the myth that the armed forces are united behind Noriega," said a knowledgeable Panamanian in Washington. "Now he can't be sure of anyone's loyalty. The thugs have started to fight among themselves."

Even as he publicly shrugged off the coup attempt, Noriega was negotiating with the U.S. State Department and domestic opposition leaders for a deal that would allow him to step down with some assurances of safety. William Walker, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Central America, flew to Panama City



After the ouster attempt

with Deputy Legal Adviser Michael Kozak. After a promising start, the talks stalled when the emissaries refused to guarantee that President Reagan would sign an Executive Order quashing drug-trafficking indictments that two grand juries brought against Noriega last month. In Washington officials denied reports that White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker was prepared to enter the talks as Reagan's personal envoy.

Noriega also sought a deal with the National Civic Crusade, a coalition of business and professional groups that has demanded the general's departure. In return for stepping down as military chief, Noriega apparently wants to remain in Panama and to have a voice in reshaping the armed forces and the government. Crusade members insist that the general leave the country permanently.

Heightening the pressure on Noriega's opponents, Panama declared a national "state of urgency" to boost the government's power, but Panamanians were pointedly assured that their constitutional rights would not be suspended. The decree said the country was locked in an "undeclared war" with the U.S. and with political foes at home.

On one point all sides agreed: Noriega's five-year reign as Panama's strongman seems to be near an end. Support for the general has withered rapidly since President Eric Arturo Delvalle tried to dismiss him as chief of the Defense Forces last month. When Noriega flexed his muscle by engineering Delvalle's ouster instead, Washington responded by heeding Delvalle's plea for a freeze on some \$50 million in Panamanian funds in U.S. banks and imposed other sanctions as well. The moves forced Panama to shut its



Ready for trouble: heavily equipped riot police patrol

banks, slowing down a once fast-paced economy and driving thousands, from doctors to dockworkers, into the streets to demand Noriega's departure.

The protests flared ominously early last week after the government failed to meet a \$34 million payroll for 130,000 public employees. Each received a check that was initially uncashable, along with the right to pay a discount price for a bag containing rice, beans, salt and other basic foods meant to feed a family of five for a week. Outraged workers poured the salt on office steps and chanted anti-Noriega slogans. Firing tear gas and bird shot, riot police broke up demonstrations at the Education Ministry in Panama City and in the ports of Balboa and Cristobal. A day later doctors and nurses at two state-run hospitals hurled rocks at police and then fled inside. Showers of Molotov cocktails, stones and chairs rained on the troops from windows when they gave chase. Soldiers fired tear gas at the retreating demonstrators.

The confrontations scarcely matched the anger that exploded after the coup attempt. Emboldened by rumors that Noriega had been toppled, some Panamanians went on a protest spree that degen-



a Panama City street during a night of clashes with antigovernment protesters

erated into sporadic rioting. While some neighborhoods stayed calm in Panama City, streets and alleys in others were thick with smoke from burning mounds of garbage, tires and trees. Looters set fire to shops and a department store near Noriega's headquarters. Striking utility workers deepened the gloom. Power-company employees cut electric service; telephone lines went dead.

To restore order, Noriega sent soldiers armed with M-16 rifles into the streets. The troops cleared roads and kept crowds from collecting. The military took over all public utilities, restored most electricity service and reopened telephone lines.

As a measure of calm returned to the capital, observers tried to piece together how the coup attempt had developed. Informed sources said the plotters contacted at least one high-ranking U.S. military officer before the attempt and originally intended to move against Noriega on Wednesday night. Perhaps fearful that their plans might leak, they struck in the morning instead. But the hastily planned attempt was a study in failure.

Led by Major Fernando Quesada, the conspirators arrived at Noriega's headquarters on Panama City's Avenue A while their quarry was at another military com-

pound. Troops loyal to Noriega had little difficulty in capturing the muddled plotters. At one point Quesada was taken before a company of crack troops to be introduced as their new leader. Instead, a loyal officer barked out, "This man wants to overthrow Comandante Noriega. Arrest him!" When Noriega arrived in his bullet-

proof Mercedes at 8:15 a.m., the brief rebellion was over. In the aftermath, at least 30 people were taken into custody. Noriega used the attempt to force five ranking military officers into retirement. Included was Colonel Bernardo Barrera, who stepped down as head of military intelligence.

In Washington the Administration remained determined to keep the pressure on Noriega. Questioned during a White House photo session, President Reagan told reporters, "We do want Noriega out of there and a return to a civilian democratic government." As the crisis deepened, Spain confirmed that it would offer political asylum to the general, provided that the U.S. agreed not to demand his extradition. Spanish Prime Minister Felipe González was expected to discuss the Panamanian situation this week during a visit to Costa Rica. If Noriega does go abroad, he might settle first in Spain and eventually in France, where he is believed to own a Paris apartment and a home in the south. Noriega reportedly wants full access to his Swiss bank accounts, which are believed to hold millions in drug-trafficking profits.

With the strongman's departure possibly looming, some experts are worried about the shape a post-Noriega Panama will take. "Nobody is looking at who will be left in the general's absence," says a Panamanian in the U.S. who wants Noriega to quit. "People say Noriega is a thug, but there is a group in the army that is far worse."

The State Department prefers to play down such concerns. "At some point, this has to become an entirely Panamanian matter," one diplomat says. "We keep stressing that Panama should return to democracy, but it really is their responsibility to decide on details." Yet Washington cannot simply walk away from Panama once Noriega goes. Having brought the general to his knees, the U.S. will have to help the country return to normal.

—By John Greenwald,
Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and
John Moody/Panama City



Tow-away zone: a demonstrator adds a parking meter to flaming debris



The unthinkable: mourners hide to escape gunfire and hand grenades from the assailant

NORTHERN IRELAND

Terror in the Cemetery

An I.R.A. funeral brings death, another funeral and more deaths

At first the funeral seemed to be at least a melancholic pause in the long and bloody struggle between Ulster's Protestants and Roman Catholics. On the eve of St. Patrick's Day last week, an estimated 5,000 people had gathered at Belfast's Catholic Milltown Cemetery to bury three members of the outlawed Irish Republican Army, the organization dedicated to uniting British-ruled Northern Ireland with the Irish Republic. The I.R.A. trio had been gunned down March 6 by a unit of Britain's Special Air Service regiment in Gibraltar, where, the British government said, the three had planned a terrorist bombing.

As the coffins were being lowered into the earth, the crack of gunshots and the thud of hand grenades echoed over the grave markers. Panicked mourners dived to the ground or crouched behind tombstones. Pistol in one hand, a bearded man hurled several more grenades into the throng and fired at the bereaved. As the injured staggered away in shock or cowered in terror, a group of enraged mourners pursued the retreating attacker, caught him several hundred yards away and beat him severely before he was rescued and arrested by men of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (R.U.C.), the Northern Ireland police force. After his arrest, according to police sources, the terrorist asked, "How many of

the bastards did I kill?" The answer: three people dead. Some 60 others were injured, four seriously.

Even in Ulster, with its long history of anger and bloodshed, an attack on a funeral had seemed unthinkable. The incident raised worries not only in Belfast but also in London about a fresh cycle of sectarian violence: before the cemetery attack 14 civilians and members of the security forces had been killed in Ulster this year. In an effort to head off terrorist reprisals, Tom King, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, pleaded with both sides to avoid "revenge and retaliation"; otherwise, he said, "the mad cycle of violence will go on and on."



On the run: the gunman pauses to fire at his enraged pursuers
An unheeded plea to avoid "revenge and retaliation."

His appeal went unheeded. Two days after the Milltown attack, a 21-year-old Protestant woman, with no known connections to the security forces, was shot dead near the Irish border on Friday. Her 24-year-old boyfriend was wounded in the same attack. The IRA has claimed responsibility for the shootings. An even uglier incident soon followed. On Saturday, during the funeral procession for one of the Milltown cemetery victims, an angry crowd of mourners spotted two British undercover agents desperately trying to maneuver their car out of trouble. They were pulled from their vehicle, disarmed, stripped, beaten savagely, dragged into a nearby alley and killed, apparently with their own weapons.

Ulster Catholics tend to blame rising tensions in the province on what they consider provocations by the British government. Earlier this year, for instance, Britain announced it would not prosecute several R.U.C. men accused of obstructing an investigation into an alleged 1982 "shoot to kill" policy by the force against the I.R.A. The flames were further fanned when the three unarmed I.R.A. guerrillas were killed in Gibraltar.

In the aftermath of the Milltown attack, Ulster's Catholic community was suspicious of everyone. Gerry Adams, leader of Sinn Féin, the I.R.A.'s political wing, charged that the R.U.C. was in collusion with the grenade-throwing attacker, as evidenced by the low police profile around the cemetery. Officials in Belfast dismissed the charge, explaining that only a few policemen were in the area because the R.U.C. was responding to previous complaints that its presence had inflamed mourners at similar graveside ceremonies.

The assailant was quickly identified as Michael Stone, 32, a Belfast Protestant who is also being questioned about earlier terrorist acts. The Ulster Defense Association, a leading Protestant paramilitary organization, denied any affiliation with him and claimed to have had no involvement in the cemetery attack.

In an apprehensive Whitehall, the cemetery outrage and its violent aftermath conjured up the nightmare of more British troops being caught in cross fire between Protestants and Catholics. Authorities believe both Protestant and Catholic extremists in Ulster have been stockpiling weapons. In response, a number of opposition Labor Party politicians in London were again raising demands to get British troops out of the province. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who called the latest killings "an act of appalling savagery," fears that a pullout would trigger even worse bloodshed in Ulster. She is adamant that the forces stay.

—By J.D. Reed.

Reported by Edmund Curran/Belfast and Frank Melville/London

World

MIDDLE EAST

Here a Stall, There a Slide

A peace plan is left hanging as Shamir sidesteps U.S. pressure

The performance, given by a wily veteran of guerrilla warfare, was a tactical masterpiece. Arriving in Washington last week, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir faced heavy pressure from the Reagan Administration to accept a U.S. proposal for peace between Israel and the Palestinians, a plan whose conditions he had publicly reviled at home. Engaging in a shrewd game of stalling and sliding, Shamir, who got his start as a leader in the Jewish underground in pre-1948 Palestine, managed to avoid an open confrontation with his U.S. allies: he neither formally rejected their proposal nor moved an inch closer to it. At the same time he managed to create the general impression that his differences with the U.S. were a mere ripple in an otherwise harmonious friendship. The Reagan Administration too seemed eager to put the best possible light on the meetings. "What I am happy to tell you," said Assistant Secretary of State Richard Murphy to a congressional committee, "is that we don't have a no from any party. So, so far so good."

That flimsy shred of optimism hardly disguises the fact that the Administration's plan is foundering, and one of the principal reasons for this is Shamir's obdurate opposition to key provisions of the initiative. While neither Israeli nor Arab leaders have officially rejected the proposal, positions on both sides have hardened as the 3½-month-old struggle between Palestinian protesters and Israeli security forces has escalated in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. The plan, as set forth by Secretary of State George Shultz, calls for an international conference on the Middle East, to be held this spring and attended by the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council, Israel and its Arab neighbors. The proposal provides for some degree of self-rule in the occupied territories and sets December 1988 as a deadline for the start of negotiations aimed at reaching a final settlement in which Israel would return occupied lands in exchange for a promise of peace.

In three days of discussions with Shultz and President Reagan, Shamir focused his objections on the international conference, at which he feels Israel would be outnumbered by its adversaries. Shamir repeated his past offer to negotiate directly with Jordan's King Hussein under U.S.-Soviet auspices. By dwelling on the format for negotiations, Shamir deftly diverted the discussion from his far more fundamental objection to the plan: the "land-for-peace" formula that has been at



The two leaders at the White House

Putting the best light on the meetings.

the heart of U.S. peace initiatives since Israel occupied the Arab territories in 1967.

The Reagan Administration insists that its proposal is an indivisible package, carefully balanced to meet competing demands from many sides. "This is not a delicatessen, where you can pick and choose," said a Reagan adviser. While the Administration took pains to maintain a friendly atmosphere—Shultz even invited Shamir to his home for a breakfast of blueberry pancakes cooked by the Secretary's wife Helena—strain was evident in President Reagan's statement during the official departure ceremony at the White House. Those who rejected the plan, warned Reagan, would not have to answer to the U.S., but "they'll need to answer to themselves and their people as to why they turned down a realistic and sensible plan to achieve negotiations."

Reagan's words sent a small shiver

through the Israeli public, which is concerned about the country's worsening image in the U.S. Israeli news accounts played up Shamir's enthusiastic reception by some American Jewish organizations, but many U.S. Jews have criticized him as an obstacle to peace and for his government's harsh handling of the uprising in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

That rebellion seemed to gain momentum last week as Palestinians joined in a two-day general strike that closed schools and businesses, kept motorists off the roads, and turned Arab villages into ghost towns. Hundreds of Palestinian policemen and tax collectors employed by the Israeli government in the occupied territories quit their jobs, some out of sympathy for the movement, some out of fear. The Israelis responded with new measures, including a ban on delivery of gasoline and cooking fuel to Palestinian towns, a nightly curfew throughout the Gaza Strip, and disruption of international phone service linking the territories with the rest of the world. During the week, eight more Palestinians were shot dead in the violence, raising the Arab death toll to 94.

For the U.S., the continued strength of Palestinian protest provided further evidence that despite the Shamir stall, the time was ripe to press for negotiations. The Administration quickly dispatched Philip Habib, a veteran diplomatic troubleshooter, to the Middle East, and Shultz himself may undertake another shuttle mission in an effort to break the deadlock. U.S. officials were buoyed by Hussein's attempt to persuade other Arab leaders to come to a consensus. "The opportunities [for peace] in the Middle East don't last," said Assistant Secretary of State Murphy. "They come and they go, and they're normally missed." Washington hopes that the opportunity remains open this time.

—By Scott MacLeod.

Reported by Johanna McGeary/Jerusalem and Nancy Traver/Washington



On the smoldering West Bank: struck by a fire bomb, an empty Israeli school bus burns

At a time when ma no personality, Nissan int

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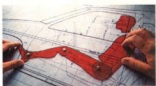


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Questions About Doctrine

Carlucci sounds out the Soviets on their "new" military posture

Raising his glass to propose a toast, U.S. Defense Secretary Frank Carlucci observed that the Swiss city of Bern was an appropriate setting for the round of talks about to get under way because it was the "capital of the capital of peace." The observation was tinged with some irony, since Carlucci and his partner in discussion, General Dmitri Yazov, the Soviet Defense Minister, are responsible for the world's two most powerful military machines. Yet at the end of their three-day meeting last week, the first full working meeting ever between U.S. and Soviet defense chiefs, both men agreed that the experiment had proved worthwhile. It was never intended to be a negotiation session for achieving breakthroughs. Said Carlucci: "The purpose is to start a military-to-military dialogue."

One reason for Carlucci's participation in this dialogue was his interest in forming a judgment on a matter of fundamental concern to U.S. defense planners: whether the Soviet Union's basic military doctrine is evolving from an offensive to a defensive orientation. The possibility of such a change was first noted by some U.S. military scholars about two years ago.

Since at least World War II, Soviet doctrine has placed extraordinary emphasis on offense, specifically on the use of massive tank and artillery formations as well as swift-moving mechanized infantry units. The theory was born partly out of the determination never again to have to fight a war on home soil. While a switch to a defensive strategy could simply signify a



The U.S. defense chief, left, greets Yazov

An experiment that proved worthwhile.

shift of resources, with more being devoted to protection against attack, it might also mean that Moscow is determined to reduce overall military expenditures, perhaps as part of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev's drive to speed up development of the civilian economy.

U.S. experts who believe that a doctrinal change is in the works contend that since 1986, Soviet analysts have largely ceased calling for military "superiority" and instead use such terms as "parity" and "reasonable sufficiency." Other American experts deny that change is in the air. Summarizing that view, Harriet Fast Scott, an author and Government consultant on Soviet military affairs, says, "Reasonable sufficiency means whatever you want it to mean."

During the Bern meetings, Yazov noted repeatedly that Soviet military doctrine was undergoing revisions but that it would take some time before the changes were reflected in defense exercises. Yet he signaled that the evolution was incomplete and would depend not on unilateral Soviet initiatives but on mutually negotiated reductions of forces by both superpowers. While not prepared to dismiss Moscow's claims of a doctrinal shift, Carlucci concluded that the practical challenges facing the West from the Soviets remain undiminished. "There has been no change in their force structure or their strategic modernization program," he said. "We need to keep our eyes open and look for those indicators, but in the meantime it behooves us to continue with our current NATO policies."

In small steps toward better relations, the two sides announced they would upgrade contacts at the level of embassy military attachés and war-college instructors. Such contacts have been restricted by the U.S. since the 1979 Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Yazov agreed to study U.S. proposals aimed at preventing incidents like the fatal shooting in 1985 of Major Arthur Nicholson, a member of the U.S. military liaison mission observer team in East Germany, by a Soviet soldier. The U.S. promised to study experimental Soviet sensing technology for verifying the presence of nuclear missiles aboard warships. Another sign that "the dialogue is improving," as a Carlucci aide put it, was the agreement to hold further high-level defense meetings later this year. Soviet military Chief of Staff Sergei Akhromeyev will visit Washington, and Carlucci may go to Moscow.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Jay Paterzell/Bern

Back on the Road Again



Having wonderful time: Gorbachev and Raisa with Belgrade children

In Belgrade, the capital, he repeatedly waded into excited crowds with Wife Raisa to shake hands and shout good wishes amid cries of "Mikhail! Mikhail!" In the northern city of Ljubljana, he toured a high-tech electronics plant that has a product line including robots used by U.S. automobile manufacturers. In the Adriatic resort of Dubrovnik, he strolled the Stradun, the city's marble-paved pedestrian thoroughfare, and was again greeted by cheering spectators.

Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev was on the road again last week, this time bringing his trademark style of personal diplomacy to Yugoslavia, a nonaligned Communist country. His primary goal during the five-day trip was to improve relations with Yugoslavia, which was cast out of the Soviet orbit by Joseph Stalin in 1948 for taking an independent political line. In a speech to the National Assembly, Gorbachev apologized for the "great harm" caused by Stalin's "unfounded accusations" of disloyalty against Josip Broz Tito, Yugoslavia's longtime leader, who died in 1980.

Yugoslavia's collective leadership is faced with a faltering economy and growing ethnic tensions, problems that also confront Gorbachev at home. Nonetheless, while he constantly referred to his principles of *perestroika* (restructuring) and *glasnost* (openness), Gorbachev refrained from suggesting that Soviets adopt Soviet policies. A communiqué issued at the visit's end affirmed the right of the two nations to pursue "different paths of socialist development."



Starting point: workers at the port of Massawa load oil-stained sacks of grain onto trucks for shipment to areas of need

World

ETHIOPIA

Twin Plagues of War and Famine

As civil violence spreads, the food-relief effort slows to a halt

The problems begin at Massawa, the Red Sea port where hundreds of dock workers labor night and day to unload grain and other food destined for Ethiopia's hungry millions. Cranes are in short supply, as are trailers to store the grain. While wheat from the U.S. and Canada usually comes in bags, much of the grain from Europe does not and thus takes longer to unload. Grain sometimes arrives soaked with water; a recent shipment of milk powder was contaminated by oil.

Beyond Massawa, the problems multiply. With truck convoys that deliver the food to regional distribution centers frequently harassed by antigovernment rebels, the government's only solution to the problem is to close the roads—and no food gets through. Airlifting is far more reliable: the giant C-130s can fly across the bone-white moonscape from Massawa to the interior city of Mekele in just half an hour. The unloading crews at the airstrip are a sight to behold. "Move it, move it, go ahead forward, go ahead forward, time is passing, time is passing," chanted a group of 15 barefoot men two weeks ago as they quickly emptied a transport of 22 tons of grain contributed by the European Community. Still, there is no guarantee that the supplies will ever reach their final destinations.

Two wars continue in Ethiopia: one against drought and fam-

ine, the other between government forces and well-armed insurgents. Long-suffering Ethiopians are the losers in both. In recent weeks rebels in the northern provinces of Eritrea and Tigre, where close to 3 million people are at risk of dying from starvation, have escalated their campaign against the government by ambushing food convoys, attacking grain-distribution centers, mining roads, firing on transport planes, and rocketing airfields. By last week the civil war had virtually halted the relief program in Tigre. Regional warehouses are mostly empty because roads are too dangerous for trucks to navigate or have been closed by

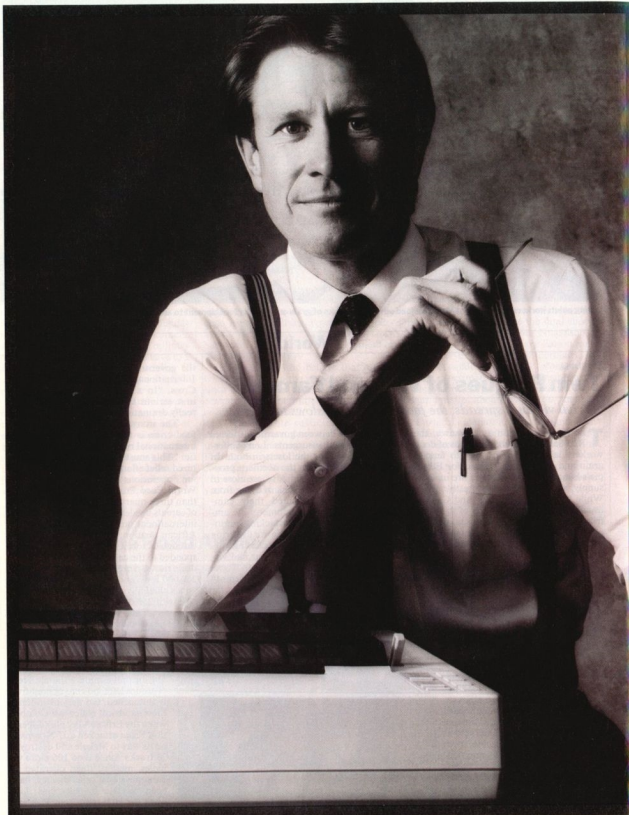
the government. Says an official of the International Committee of the Red Cross: "In a month or two, we will be in a serious famine situation. It will be really dramatic."

The irony of Ethiopia's latest major food crisis is that only a few weeks ago international relief officials were optimistic. "This must be one of the best organized relief efforts ever," says David Morton, operations director of the U.N.'s World Food Program in Ethiopia. More than three-quarters of the 1.3 million tons of cereals needed in 1988 is already in the international pipeline bound for the east African nation; supplies are assured through October. Many countries have responded to the call for help with generous donations, including the U.S. with 250,000 tons, and the Soviet Union, Ethiopia's chiefly and a net grain importer, also with 250,000 tons.

This year's relief effort contrasts sharply with that mounted after Ethiopia's last drought, in 1984-85, when an estimated 1 million perished because a massive aid program was not begun in time. During that famine, Ethiopia's rebel groups left food convoys relatively untouched, but they abandoned their hands-off policy last October, when the Eritrean People's Liberation Front attacked a U.N. convoy on its way to Mekele and destroyed 23 trucks. Since then 106 more vehicles, most of them operated by Ethiopia's own relief agency, have been waylaid by guerrillas. Last week the vital road from Massawa to Asmara, capital of Eritrea, was under siege again, despite the fact that the rebels were heavily out-



Final destination: villagers at a distribution center in Akordat. Roads are closed and regional warehouses mostly empty.



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numbered by Ethiopian troops armed with Soviet-built MiG-23 fighter bombers and Czech-made T-55 tanks.

Relief officials estimate that 80% to 85% of northern Ethiopia is controlled by insurgents. Many areas can be reached only by air through services operated by the U.N., Caritas and the European Community. But airlifting is expensive—one plane can cost as much as \$800,000 a month—and of limited use because it does not get the food into the remote villages where it is most needed. Says a Red Cross spokesman: "The solution is not the airlift, but open roads. Not even air-dropping is feasible with the current military situation."

The war heated up in December, just as food stocks were running out in drought-affected areas. Eritrean rebels, who have been fighting the Ethiopian government since their province was annexed in 1962, launched their biggest offensive since 1985 and were joined in the assault by the Tigre People's Liberation Front, which has been in revolt since 1974. The army of President Mengistu Haile Mariam counterattacked three weeks ago, but to little avail. In the clashes that followed, Tigrean rebels overran several towns along the Asmara-Mekkele road, including Wukro, a major food-distribution center. The rebels retreated, but as of last week no food convoys were able to get through. Said a Red Cross worker: "You have as many as 10,000 people gathering at Wukro, and we have nothing to give them."

Under international pressure, the Mengistu government is taking steps to make Ethiopia better able to feed itself. In recent years farmers who were not put out of business by drought did not bother to grow surplus crops because they were forced to sell their grain to the government at low prices. Last January, Addis Ababa raised those rates by about 8% and announced that farmers had to sell only half of their surplus harvest to the government. The Mengistu regime has also throttled back on plans to resettle hundreds of thousands of peasants from the arid north to the more fertile south.

The government's attempts at agricultural reform have been sidetracked by the increasingly vicious civil war. Western analysts in Addis Ababa compare the military situation to that in Afghanistan: well-motivated rebels fighting an army of conscripts who are poorly fed and poorly paid. "The army is just not fighting back," says a Western diplomat in Addis Ababa. Mengistu himself has been making frequent trips to the north to oversee military operations. But the rebels are said to be gaining ground daily while relief officials watch their distribution lines crumble. Brother Gregory Flynn, who works for the Ethiopian Catholic Secretariat, put it this way: "We have trucks, we have planes, we have the food pledges. We have the structure in place, but people will starve because of the war." —By Michael S. Serrill

Reported by Cathy Booth/Rome and James Wilde/Massawa

SOUTH AFRICA

Fellowship Amid Turmoil

An Afrikaner works to make whites see the pain of apartheid

The visitors had traveled only ten miles from Pretoria to the black township of Mamelodi. But it was a vast journey, from the affluent white world of South Africa to its Third World of black poverty. The 173 whites, many of them members of the Dutch Reformed Church, came to Mamelodi, home to as many as half a million people, last week to strike a small blow against apartheid. For four days they lived and ate with blacks, slept in cramped homes, some without electricity and indoor plumbing, and washed at backyard faucets. "The tragedy of apartheid that we learn from this experience," said Michael Cassidy, head of a missionary group, "is not that it has failed so mis-

a church-sponsored anti-apartheid group.

The visit to Mamelodi was organized by Nico Smith, 58, the only resident white minister in an urban black township. In the early 1980s he turned his back on the powerful Dutch Reformed Church and became a minister in the black branch of the church in Mamelodi. In 1986 he moved into the township with his wife Ellen, a child psychiatrist. Says Smith: "The whites of this country have got to see what pain there is under the black skin."

Whites rarely go to black neighborhoods; in fact, until recently, whites had to obtain a permit to enter a black township. The visit to Mamelodi was attacked by Ed Cain, director of the right-wing United



Mamelodi harmony: Nico Smith with Mabena family and white guests

"When the crisis comes, they will be able to stand together."

erably but that it has succeeded so miserably in building a wall between the races."

Even as harmony flowed out of Mamelodi, it was overshadowed by conflict. The executions of five black men and a black woman were stayed for at least one month by the Supreme Court only 15 hours before the hangings were to take place. The court said there was new evidence of possible perjury by a key state witness in the case of the so-called Sharpeville Six. The six were convicted in connection with the 1984 killing of a councilman in the black township of Sharpeville, even though they were not found to have had a direct role in the slaying but only to have been in "common purpose" with a murderous crowd. Earlier in the week police turned out in force in Cape Town when Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu led a service, attended by 2,000 people, at St. George's Cathedral. The gathering was Tutu's defiant reply to the government for banning the Committee for the Defense of Democracy,

Christian Action, as "designed to promote Marxist doctrine." But in Smith's view it was designed to promote understanding. The visitors saw a township where many of Pretoria's black workers reside in tiny four-room houses under the nighttime glare of powerful arc lights. "It gives the impression that someone is watching them day and night," said Louis Fourie, a white participant. The visitors shared their hosts' meals of cornmeal porridge and tripe. A Pretoria man shared a bed with a young black man who had once been jailed under the security laws. The pair were later taken in for questioning by security forces, and the young black man was detained.

Smith warned his visitors and hosts that full-scale violence between "the rulers and the ruled" seemed inevitable. "I want to prepare as many white people and black people as I can to be ready for the catastrophe," he said, "so that, when the crisis comes, they will be able to stand together."

—By David Brand.

Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Mamelodi

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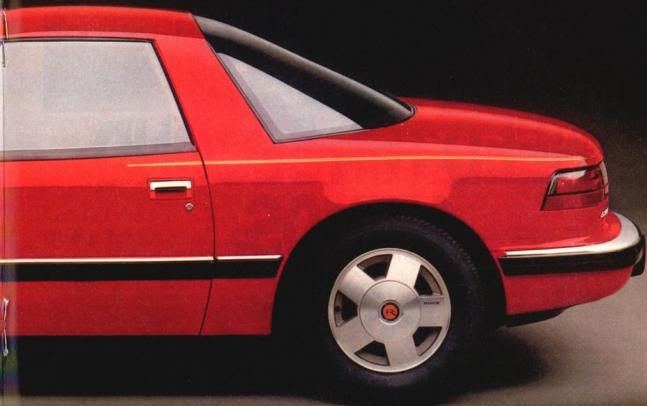
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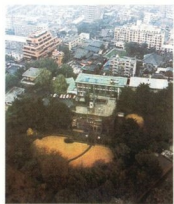


When People Count On You,
Count On Post-it Notes.

World Notes



AFGHANISTAN **Goodbye to all that symmetry?**



JAPAN **Australia's gold mine in Tokyo**



SOUTH KOREA **The two Kims in happier days**

JAPAN

Land of the Rising Yen

If a list of history's most successful land speculators were ever drawn up, first place would probably go to the Dutch settlers who bought Manhattan Island for \$24 in trinkets. Second place might go to the Australian government, which paid about \$280,000 for almost 1½ acres, including a mansion and gardens, in central Tokyo in 1952.

Last week Australia, which uses the complex for its embassy, sold part of the garden and a smaller, nearby strip to a Japanese-led consortium. The price: \$450 million in cash, or about \$19,000 a sq. ft. The buyers agreed to build, free of charge, a new ambassador's residence, a four-story chancellery and 43 apartments for the embassy staff. Even the 17th century Dutch might envy such a deal.

AFGHANISTAN

Withdrawal Pains

The March 15 target date for an agreement on a Soviet pull-out from Afghanistan came and went last week without an accord. The main snag in the negotiations between the Afghan government and Pakistani, which represents the U.S.-backed *mujahedin* rebels,

was the so-called symmetry issue, with Washington demanding that the Soviets cut off all military aid to the Afghan government at the same time that the U.S. ends arms deliveries to the rebels. The issue may be resolved this week when Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze meet in Washington.

Though the impasse in Geneva initially dampened hopes that Moscow would begin to withdraw its 115,000 troops by May 15, the date set by Moscow, the lack of an accord may not matter after all. A Foreign Ministry official declared last week that the Kremlin would pull out its troops "regardless of whether a Geneva peace agreement is ready or not."

JORDAN

Mom to The Rescue

Never underestimate a mother's devotion. Last October, when Cathy Phelps Mahone, 32, of Dallas learned that her Jordanian ex-husband had violated a court order and taken their daughter Lauren, 7, to the Middle East, she tried every possible step to get the child back. When legal channels failed, Mahone turned for help to several retired U.S. Army antiterrorist specialists and joined them in a bold "rescue mission."

As described in press re-

ports last week, the raid, said to have cost \$100,000, began on a January morning when Mahone and one of her troopers flagged down a school bus in the Jordanian town of Jerash. While he pinned the driver to his seat, Mahone swept her child off the bus. The raiders fled by car and crossed into Israeli-occupied territory. Maternal mission accomplished.

INDIA

Beating the Bandh

In major cities throughout much of India last week, millions failed to report to work, shops were shuttered, and business came to a halt as opponents of Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi joined in their first nationally organized protest. The *bandh*, or strike, was led by eight opposition parties, whose demands included Gandhi's resignation and the calling of national elections well in advance of the mandatory deadline of December 1989. In Bombay, India's main commercial center, most state and municipal employees stayed away from work; in Calcutta, where the Marxist-led Left Front is in control, store owners who dared to open their shops risked having them ransacked by militants. In all, 50,000 people were arrested, and at least ten died in street violence.

The strike's sponsors called it an "unprecedented success,"

but that was true only in states where Gandhi's Congress (I) Party is not in power. In most of India's 24 states, the *bandh* went unheeded.

SOUTH KOREA

Easy Kim, Easy Go

As the candidate of the break-away Party for Peace and Democracy, Kim Dae Jung, 62, got much of the blame last December for dividing the opposition and thus ensuring victory for the ruling Democratic Justice Party in South Korea's first free presidential elections in 16 years. Last week Kim resigned as party chief to smooth the way for the P.P.D. to rejoin forces with the Reunification Democratic Party. That party's leader, Kim Young Sam, 60, stepped down in a similar gesture last month. With elections for the 299-seat National Assembly scheduled for April 26, the P.P.D. chief said he did not want to ruin the "last chance" to unite those opposed to President Roh Tae Woo, 55.

Kim Dae Jung's hand was forced when the R.D.P. planned a partial merger with two small parties, threatening to leave the P.P.D. in the political wilderness. Will the P.P.D. and the R.D.P. find it easier to cooperate now that the strong-willed Kims are gone? Probably not: already there is haggling over who should lead a reunified opposition.

Economy & Business

The Making of A Mishmash

Congress rushes to pass a sweeping trade bill

Talk about spoiling the broth. Imagine trying to prepare dinner with 199 cooks watching every move. Something like that is happening on Capitol Hill, where a mammoth conference committee is trying to reconcile differences in the omnibus trade bills passed last year by the House and Senate. Under the direction of two Democratic leaders—Representative Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois and Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas—the 199 members of the committee, along with 300 or so staffers and 100 briefcase carriers sent over by the White House, have been meeting in 17 subgroups in an all-out effort to get a comprehensive piece of legislation on President Reagan's desk by April. The goal is to pass a bill that will bolster U.S. industry and reduce the trade deficit, which hit a record \$171.2 billion in 1987. The danger is that the law will wind up as a potpourri of protectionist measures that serve special interests but hurt consumers and do nothing to boost the competitiveness of U.S. companies.

The mission is urgent because progress in bringing down the trade deficit has been painfully slow. After two months of sharp improvements in the trade gap, the Government reported last week that the deficit had edged up again, from \$12.2 billion in December to \$12.4 billion in January. On the bright side, the deficit with Japan shrank 17.5%. But the imbalance with other Asian countries, including South Korea and Taiwan, ballooned 18%.

The issue of what to do about trade has long pitted the White House against Congress. The Reagan Administration philosophically embraces free trade, but the President has been under pressure from Capitol Hill to protect U.S. business interests. Rather than give Congress an excuse to pass protectionist legislation, the White House has taken a fairly tough line, bringing 17 actions since 1985 against nations deemed to be engaging in unfair trade practices. The most dramatic censure came last year, when the Administration imposed \$300 million worth of sanctions against Japanese products after deciding that Tokyo had reneged on parts

of an agreement under which it would, among other things, import more U.S. computer chips.

The White House has angered Congress on several occasions by turning down pleas for import relief, most notably from the shoe industry. Many Democrats, and a few Republicans as well, are pushing for provisions in the trade bill that would force the Administration to retaliate automatically against unfair foreign traders. The President, though, has vowed to veto any bill that would take away his discretion on when to impose trade sanctions. The conflict has left the Democrats with a dilemma. Explains Rostenkowski: "We need a bill so tough that our trading partners can't ignore it, but so fair that the President wants to sign it."

Writing such a bill will be no easy task. Just keeping track of the provisions in the House and Senate versions of the bill (each of which weighs about five pounds and runs to more than 1,000 pages) is nearly impossible. "The hardest part is remembering what each member of Congress wants," says a member of Rostenkowski's committee staff, "and what priority he puts on each of his requests." Staffers have been working well into the night and coming in on weekends, their briefcases bulging. Bentsen's



Rostenkowski and Bentsen: seeking a law tough on

group is dubbed the "committee that never sleeps."

It is not yet certain which provisions will live or die, but the bill is beginning to look less protectionist than it did just a few weeks ago. One likely casualty is a controversial amendment proposed by Representative Richard Gephardt of Missouri to take action against countries that run chronic surpluses with the U.S. and engage in unfair trade practices. It would require the President to impose trade sanctions on those nations that would reduce the surpluses by 10% a year. Gephardt has made trade the central issue of his presidential campaign, but enthusiasm in Washington for his measure has almost disappeared since his dismal showing on Super Tuesday. The betting is that Gephardt's amendment will survive, but only in a severely watered-down form. Says a congressional staffer: "Gephardt and Rostenkowski talk on the phone, and it sounds like they are working on face-saving."

Despite the probable weakening of

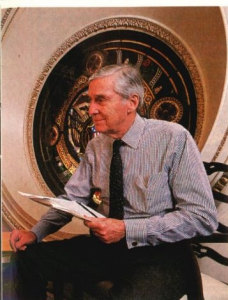


Senator Baucus wants to make lamb producers eligible for federal payments



Representative Madigan thinks a law firm should get \$500,000 for work it did on behalf of corn growers





trade partners but acceptable to the White House

the Gephardt amendment, several other proposals in the trade bill, including some that are seemingly extraneous, rile the Administration and could invite a veto. One of them would force many companies to give at least 60 days' notice of impending plant closings. The White House opposes as excessively restrictive a section that would require a ban for up to five years on the importation of any products made by Toshiba, the Japanese electronics company, and Kongsberg Vaapenfabrikk, a Norwegian government-owned manufacturer of computers and weapons. They were found last year to have violated export-control agreements by selling the Soviets high-tech equipment used to build quiet submarine propellers.

Another proposal objectionable to the White House calls for the Government to keep more detailed records of foreign investment in the U.S. The Administration fears that foreign investors, who have helped prop up the economy through heavy buying of Treasury bills and other

securities, might trim such purchases if they knew their names could be made public. Nobuhiko Sasaki, a deputy director at Japan's Ministry of International Trade and Industry, warns that congressional passage of the proposal would be "like putting a knife to your own neck."

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of the trade bill is that many members of Congress are using it as a vehicle to promote their pet projects. Speaking last week at a committee hearing, Treasury Secretary James Baker praised Congress for being willing to compromise on sweeping issues such as what to do in response to unfair foreign trade practices. But Baker complained pointedly about the lack of "willingness to jettison amendments that sometimes are supported by only one member." In the same vein, Representative Robert Kastenmeier, a Wisconsin Democrat, castigated his colleagues: "A trade bill should be used to set trade policy, not provide some kind of discount Casbah for special interests."

Members of Congress have many motivations for championing causes that benefit only a few parties. Sometimes they may firmly believe in the worthiness of the proposals, or they may have been convinced by an effective lobbying campaign. Just as often, though, they may be out to please their constituents or those who have made major contributions to their campaigns. Both House and Senate versions of the trade bill are larded with proposals of questionable merit and purpose. A few examples:

► A two-sentence provision would give \$500,000 to the law firm of Bishop, Cook, Purcell & Reynolds for defending the National Corn Growers Association in a legal dispute with Canadian corn growers. The measure was sponsored by Representative Edward Madigan, the ranking minority member of the House Agriculture Committee. The Illinois Republican took up the corn growers' request for payment to the Washington-based law firm after the Agriculture Department turned down an earlier plea to pick up the tab.

► Senator Max Baucus, a Democrat from the sheep-raising state of Montana, at first introduced a measure to set quotas on

imported lamb. The idea was watered down in committee negotiations, but a provision that survives calls for federal payments to lamb producers if they are damaged by imports.

► A section of the trade bill known to Capitol Hill pundits as the "Timex provision" would lower the tariffs on imported watches and watch parts. The measure is sponsored by Representative Beryl Anthony, an Arkansas Democrat whose state has a Timex manufacturing plant. The company also assembles watches in foreign factories for import into the U.S.

► A measure introduced by Representative Don Bonker, a Washington Democrat, would protect certain kinds of U.S. wood products by restricting competing imports. In particular, the measure subjects grooved or pegged plywood, used for wall paneling and in making furniture, to higher tariffs. Washington's lumber industry has been hit hard by a surge in imported wood products.

► The Senate version of the trade bill contains a complex five-page proposal concerning patent protection for drugs that appears designed to benefit a single product. The provision would in effect enable Warner-Lambert, a pharmaceutical firm, to receive a five-year extension of the patent on Lopid, a cholesterol-reducing drug. The measure was introduced by Senator Dennis DeConcini, an Arizona Democrat who chairs the Subcommittee on Patents, Copyrights and Trademarks. Warner-Lambert reportedly hired a team of Washington lobbyists and lawyers to help DeConcini draft the proposal.

Most of these provisions, and many more like them, would provide a windfall for some but could damage consumers and taxpayers. Dealing with such matters, many of which do not belong in a trade bill at all, makes it almost impossible for Congress to achieve its proper mission: writing a coherent piece of legislation that treats both domestic and foreign businesses fairly. President Reagan could point to the current mishmash as one of the best arguments available to support his repeated requests to be given line-item veto powers.

—By Gordon Bock.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington



Representative Bonker proposes that tariffs be raised on imported plywood



Representative Anthony is pushing a "Timex provision" to lower duties on imported watch parts



Senator DeConcini is trying to help Warner-Lambert get a patent extension on Lopid



Charging More and Delivering Less

The U.S. Postal Service struggles to move its mountain of mail

Any enterprise that regularly raises its prices while letting its service slip is almost sure to drive away customers. Unless, of course, that enterprise happens to be a monopoly like the U.S. Postal Service, which is still the only organization legally allowed to deliver first- and third-class mail. The Postal Service is cutting back on operations and capital spending even as its volume of mail—500 million letters, publications and packages every day—grows by about 6% a year. Many customers are frustrated: complaints about delayed mail rose by 18% in 1987.

Yet the Postal Service is preparing to raise its rates next month by an average of 17.5%, the first increase since 1985. The cost of sending a first-class letter will jump from 22¢ to 25¢, which means consumers will be buying stamps marked only by the letter E until the higher price can be printed on new ones. Businesses that rely on third-class mail will be hit harder, by increases of up to 25%.

The service reductions and rate hikes have brought new calls for reform. Last week President Reagan's Commission on Privatization recommended that the Postal Service be stripped of its letter-mail monopoly so that it would be forced to do a better job. Says James Miller, director of the Office of Management and Budget and a longtime proponent of privatization: "The Postal Service is a monstrosity. It is overstaffed, overpriced and inefficient. Postal patrons are paying more and more and getting less and less in return."

That may be true, but not all the fault lies with the Postal Service. Though it was reorganized in 1970 as an independent federal agency that operates as a break-even business, the Postal Service has not escaped Government meddling in its operations. The service's fiscal crunch is largely a creature of the budget compromise forged by Congress and the Administration in the wake of last October's stock-market crash. As part of the deal, Congress required the Postal Service to trim \$1.2 billion from its estimated \$35 billion annual operating budget over the next two years. Making matters worse, the legislators ordered the service to slash capital expenditures by 74% this year.

To meet those targets, the Postal Service in January ordered sweeping cuts in service. It eliminated all Sunday pickups from mailboxes and trimmed window-service hours at 34,000 post offices across the U.S. by an average of half a day a week. The Postal Service canceled or postponed billions of dollars' worth of new construction and equipment purchases, most of which were intended to modernize mail handling and speed up



In Dallas, coping with the letter flow

delivery by replacing outmoded facilities.

Postal performance is likely to deteriorate as a result. Employees at the Decatur, Ga., post office, now close down the service windows every Wednesday afternoon to catch up with their sorting duties. In Florida, where the population is growing by some 1,000 people every day, 56 of 59 facilities that the Postal Service planned to build in the southern part of the state have been postponed indefinitely. Says Miami Postmaster Woodrow Conner: "No business can take the cuts we have taken and not have problems. We cannot tell customers there will be business as usual."



Domestic USA

The new first-class stamp is priceless
Calls for reform of an antiquated system.

Dealing with the postal crunch will be a formidable job for Anthony Frank, 56, who became Postmaster General this month. He replaced Preston Tisch, who returned to the management of Loews Corp. Frank, a former chairman of San Francisco's First Nationwide Financial Corp., has already jumped to the defense of the Postal Service, pointing out that the "magnitude of the task is just beyond belief." As for the higher rates, even critics concede that U.S. postal service is cheap compared with that of other countries. Mailing a letter in West Germany, for example, costs 48¢, while the price is 45¢ in Japan and 33¢ in Britain. Postal officials point out that the price of a first-class stamp, after inflation is taken into account, is about the same as it was in 1971. "The 25¢ stamp is still a bargain," says Frank, "but only if service is good."

Stamp prices are being driven up by the Postal Service's labor costs, which account for 85% of its spending. Critics fault Tisch for not driving a tough enough bargain in negotiations last year with the unions representing 634,000 postal employees. Under the new contract, the average salary of those workers who are covered—about \$25,200 last year—will rise some 7% by November 1990, not including cost-of-living adjustments. Tisch could have insisted that more of the work force consist of lower-paid, part-time employees. Instead, the Postal Service left in place guarantees that 90% of the employees will be permanent full-time workers.

Public dissatisfaction with the Postal Service has encouraged private firms to compete wherever the law permits. Mail Boxes Etc., the largest franchise chain of private postal outlets, with some 600 locations in 40 states, sells stamps, wraps packages, rents mailboxes and transmits copies of documents over telephone lines with facsimile machines. In the lucrative overnight-delivery market, United Parcel Service, Federal Express, Purolator Courier and other companies have claimed about 90% of the business.

Postmaster General Frank opposes any move to end the Postal Service's monopoly on first-class and third-class mail. Private firms, he argues, are no substitute for a universal postal service, since they tend to skim the cream off the market, serving well-to-do customers in urban areas but ignoring people in thinly populated regions. Frank admits that the Postal Service could do a better job. One way to help it do so, he says, is increased capital spending to expand facilities and modernize antiquated equipment. If Congress makes that investment possible, Frank is convinced, postal workers can deliver better service at reasonable prices, not only through snow, rain and gloom of night but in a tougher, more competitive marketplace.

—By Janice Castro.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta

First a Savior, Now a Suspect

Kuwait raises its BP stake

Only a few months ago, the British government turned to Kuwait as a savior. Under Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's grand privatization plan, the government had been ready last October to sell its 32% stake in British Petroleum to the public. Then stock markets around the world crashed. Since the BP shares had been priced far above their post-collapse market value, it seemed certain that few investors would buy them. Enter the Kuwait Investment Office, the London-based agency of Kuwait's Finance Ministry that handles the bulk of the Arab country's overseas holdings. Beginning in early November, the Kuwaitis started to buy BP stock in large amounts and singlehandedly salvaged the offering.

ment but they could also sell their stock to any corporate raider interested in BP.

Neil Kinnock, the leader of the opposition Labor Party, last week challenged Thatcher's decision to go along with Kuwait's investment, noting the Prime Minister's statement three months ago that the Kuwaitis had assured Britain they "had no ambition to control BP, nor any interest in any management role." The Labor leader questioned how binding those assurances really were. Said he: "This is obviously a matter of public interest and concern."

Kuwait's BP stock is the latest addition to one of the world's most diversified investment portfolios. Unlike Saudi Arabia, which has poured many of its petrodollars into grand domestic projects, Kuwait has invested most of its income overseas. The country holds \$85 billion worth of stocks, bonds and real estate in the U.S. and Europe. Kuwait's overseas holdings provided a comfortable cushion when petroleum prices collapsed two

Buddy, Can You Spare a Billion?

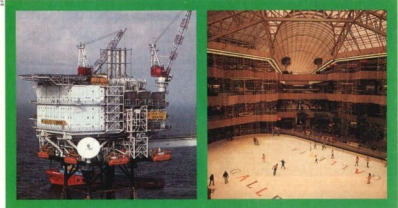
Texas bank woes mount

In Texas, troubled banks are becoming almost as common as tumbleweed. Last week Dallas-based First RepublicBank, the state's largest bank holding company (assets: \$33.2 billion), skidded to the brink of failure and was forced to go, ten-gallon hat in hand, to the U.S. Government. Within two days the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation advanced \$1 billion to keep First RepublicBank's 73-member banks in business. At the same time, Houston's ailing First City Bancorp, the fourth largest banking company in the state, reported that its plan for returning to financial health was in jeopardy. The problems encountered by both companies dramatized once again just how badly the Texas oil and real estate busts have damaged the state's economy and financial system.

The travails at First RepublicBank began last year, when the company, then called RepublicBank, acquired another Dallas firm, InterFirst, which was on the verge of collapse. InterFirst seemed salvageable, but its loan portfolio was in worse shape than RepublicBank assumed. As a result, First RepublicBank last year lost \$657 million. Says Paul Horvitz, a professor at the University of Houston: "The merger may turn out to have been the worst business decision ever made." Worried First RepublicBank's depositors have pulled some \$2 billion out of their accounts this year. If First Republic were to fail, it could cost the FDIC \$5 billion to restore the bank's financial health. That would make the rescue more expensive than the \$4.5 billion bailout of Continental Illinois in 1984.

Federal officials are still trying to work out a successful rescue package for First City. Under a plan announced last September, the FDIC said it would pump \$970 million into First City, but only if holders of the bank's bonds agreed to sell their securities for up to 45¢ for every \$1 of face value. Noteholders were supposed to exchange 90% of the bonds for cash by March 8. But many of them are demanding a better deal, and when a one-week extension passed last week, only 51% of the securities had been redeemed. Stalling, First City has postponed its deadline to March 29. Frank Anderson, an independent banking analyst, likens the maneuvering between First City and its bondholders to "a high-stakes poker game in which neither side is willing to give in."

The only major Texas bank that has not yet shown up at the bailout window is the state's second largest financial institution, Dallas-based M Corp. It lost \$258 million last year and, like its competitors, has a host of bad real estate and energy loans. But the bank's executives are convinced that they can solve their problems without turning to Uncle Sam for help. ■



A BP offshore oil rig in the North Sea; the ice-skating rink at the Dallas Galleria

Two of the investments in one of the world's most diversified portfolios.

These days, though, 10 Downing Street must be wondering if the Kuwait Investment Office is friend or foe. Reason: the Kuwaitis are still buying BP shares—with an enthusiasm that has raised suspicions in Britain. Kuwait has spent some \$1.9 billion, bringing its stake in British Petroleum up to 22%, to become BP's largest shareholder. The Kuwaitis insist that they will not seek a seat on BP's board. They initially promised not to raise their stake above 22.5%, but Faoud Jaffar, deputy chairman of KIO, seemed to waffle on that pledge during a recent television interview. Said he: "If the situation changes, obviously any investor must have an open mind."

Was that a veiled takeover threat? Probably not, since the Kuwaitis know that the British government could thwart any foreign bid for control of BP by simply ruling that such a sale would be against the public interest. BP executives are nonetheless distressed at the size of Kuwait's stake in the company: not only could the Kuwaitis easily change their minds about seeking a role in manage-

years ago; in fact, the country earns more from investments than from oil exports.

In the U.S., the Kuwaitis own Santa Fe International, a leading oil-drilling company; the Atlanta Hilton hotel; and a controlling interest in the Dallas Galleria, a glittering complex of shops, offices and a hotel. The Kuwaitis are more visible in Europe. They own billions of dollars worth of British stocks, including 15% of the Royal Bank of Scotland and 5% of Trusthouse Forte, a leading hotel chain. On the Continent, Kuwait has invested more than \$2 billion in Spanish companies. In West Germany, Kuwait owns 20% of Metallgesellschaft, a mining, metals and plastics company, and 14% of Daimler-Benz, the car manufacturer.

In the past, the Kuwaitis have acted as passive investors, shunning public attention. That could change in the case of British Petroleum. Whatever the Kuwaitis do with their stake in Britain's oil company, they will attract the closest kind of scrutiny.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Helen Gibson/London and David S. Jackson/Cairo

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**Sales claim based on manufacturer's reported retail deliveries through December, 1987. ©1988 Volkswagen.

Safety belts save lives. Don't drink and drive.

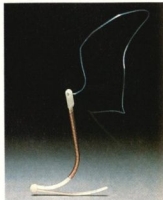
Business Notes



TAXES Britain is safe for Bowie



AIRLINES Takeoff was a test, though few knew it



LIABILITY The Copper-7

AIRLINES

Continental's Flaps Flap

On-the-job training is generally a fine technique, but hardly when the job involves piloting an aircraft loaded with passengers. The Federal Aviation Administration last week said it would investigate the training procedures at Continental Airlines after one of the carrier's pilots admitted that on several flights he had made deliberate mistakes prior to take-off—like setting the plane's wing flaps in the wrong position and misstating the aircraft's weight—in order to test the skills and alertness of his copilot.

The revelation came during a National Transportation Safety Board investigation of a Continental DC-9 crash that killed 28 people in Denver last November. In a signed statement, Continental Captain Kenneth Watson said that on another flight a few weeks before the crash, he had conducted a test of Frank Zvonek, who later piloted the ill-fated DC-9. "As is my common practice," said Watson, "I advised Frank that I would intentionally make several mistakes. He caught them and corrected me."

If Watson's statement was intended to show that Zvonek was a good pilot, the FAA was not so much impressed as it was dismayed by the unusual training procedure. Continental

said the Watson method was not approved by the company. The carrier intends to find out if any of its other pilots test one another by purposely making mistakes before taking to the air.

TAXES

Cutting the Price of Fame

It might be enough to persuade Mick Jagger, David Bowie and other celebrated tax exiles to come home to Britain. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's government took another step last week in its campaign to simplify British taxes and reduce the top rate. The latest budget calls for a sweeping tax reform similar to legislation passed in the U.S. in 1986. Under Thatcher's plan, six tax brackets, in which rates range from 27% to 60%, will be reduced to two: individuals with taxable incomes of £19,300 (about \$35,500) a year or less will pay 25%; those who earn more, 40%. Though Thatcher has brought the top tax rate down from a peak of 83% in 1979, not everyone is pleased. When Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson presented the budget in the House of Commons last week, members of the opposition Labor Party interrupted him by chanting, "Rich man's budget," causing a ten-minute suspension of the session.

LIABILITY

Telltale Memo About an IUD

Officials at G.D. Searle must have watched with concern three years ago when a raft of lawsuits forced bankruptcy on A.H. Robins, maker of the Dalkon Shield intrauterine birth-control device. With good reason: from 1974 to 1986 Searle sold in the U.S. the Copper-7, an IUD that, like the Dalkon Shield, has been suspected of causing serious illnesses or injuries in some users.

While Searle has won 14 of 17 Copper-7 court cases that went to a jury, things are not looking so good for an upcoming trial in St. Paul. The plaintiff, Esther Kociemba of Elk River, Minn., claims that the Copper-7 gave her pelvic inflammatory disease, which left her sterile. Internal Searle documents released by court order suggest that the company knew of physicians' safety concerns about the Copper-7 but kept on selling it. In a 1980 memo, a Searle doctor warned company officials that "all studies with which I am familiar conclude that all IUDs enhance the potential for PID."

Nearly 500 Copper-7 suits are pending; 10 million of the IUDs were sold in the U.S., and if Kociemba wins her case, many more of the women who have used the Copper-7 may be encouraged to sue. Nonetheless, the compa-

ny remains confident of avoiding a Robins-style disaster. Says Spokeswoman Kay Bruno: "Our product doesn't cause the problems alleged."

BANKS

No Credit For Humanities

Irene Chang, a junior at Berkeley, had not planned to apply for a credit card. Then she heard a rumor that students who asked for a Visa card or MasterCard at a campus Citibank booth were rejected if they were majoring in the humanities. An English major and a reporter for the college paper, the *Daily Californian*, Chang asked the company representative if the rumor was true. Said Chang: "She told me, 'Just put in either business administration or electrical engineering.'"

After Chang broke the story of the peculiar policy last week, some enraged students proposed banning Citibank representatives and advertising from the campus. A Citibank spokesman admitted that "field of study" has been one consideration for giving out cards because it indicates how well a student will handle debt. But after complaints from campuses around the U.S., the bank decided last year to start phasing out the policy. Now there may be hope for future artists, poets and historians.

Technology

COVER STORIES

Fast and Smart

Designers race to build the supercomputers of the future



The computer at the University of Illinois is simulating something that no one saw: the evolution of the universe in the aftermath of the Big Bang. Re-creating conditions that may have prevailed billions of years ago, the computer reveals on a remote screen how massive clouds of subatomic particles, tugged by their own gravity, might have coalesced into filaments and flattened disks. The vivid reds, greens and blues of the shapes are not merely decorative but represent the various densities of the first large structures as they emerged from primordial chaos in the near vacuum of space.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, another computer is struggling to learn what any three-year-old child already knows: the difference between a cup and a saucer. What the youngster sees at a glance, the computer must be taught, painstakingly, one step at a time. First it must comprehend the concept of an object, a

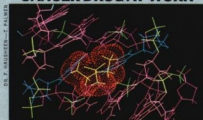
physical thing distinguished from the space around it by edges and surfaces. Then it must grasp the essential attributes of cup-ness: the handle, the leakproof central cavity, the stable base. Finally, it must deal with the exceptions, like the foam-plastic cup whose heat-insulating properties are so good that it does not need a handle.

These experiments illustrate the paradox at the heart of today's computer science. The most powerful computing machines—giant number crunchers pos-

sessed of speed and storage capacities beyond human comprehension—are essentially dumb brutes with no more intellectual depth than a light bulb. At the other extreme are computers that have begun to exhibit the first glimmers of human-like reasoning, but only within the confines of narrowly defined tasks.

For 40 years scientists have labored to make headway at these two frontiers of computer research. One group, working with the lightning-fast machines known as supercomputers, is always pushing for

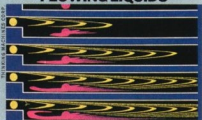
CANCER DRUG AT WORK



DR. P. GUPTA - 24 MARCH

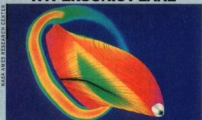
CART RESEARCH

FLOWING LIQUIDS



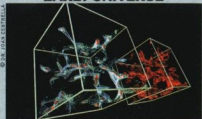
DR. J. H. KIM - 24 MARCH

HYPERSONIC PLANE



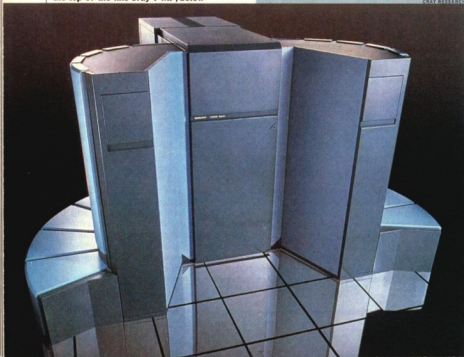
NASA AND RESEARCH CENTER

EARLY UNIVERSE



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Dazzling graphics, right, produced by the world's most powerful number crunchers; the top-of-the-line Cray Y-MP, below



more raw power, more blazing speed. The other group, writing programs that show the rudiments of artificial intelligence, explores the mysteries of human thought. Each of these two grand scientific enterprises, backed by billions of research dollars and blessed with some of the century's best minds, has proceeded as if the other did not exist.

But there are signs that the two broad avenues of computer research may be starting to converge, that today's most advanced machines may someday evolve into electronic brains that are not just incredibly fast but smart as well. The quest has been taken up by almost every major nation. And no wonder: the potential rewards—in industrial productivity, scientific research and national security—are staggering. Grown men glow with childlike excitement when they describe robots that will see their way around a factory, typewriters that will take dictation, defense systems that will make the world safe from nuclear arms.

The two fields of computer research are at different stages in their life cycles. Artificial intelligence is just getting started: the first commercial projects appeared less than five years ago, and are now finding widespread application (see following story). The supercomputer manufacturers,

on the other hand, having supplied high-speed processors to government labs and intelligence agencies for a quarter-century, are now experiencing a growth so explosive that it has taken even the most optimistic industry leaders by surprise. Sales of the machines, which cost \$5 million to \$25 million each, have increased 25% a year or more over the past decade, and in 1988 will pass the \$1 billion-a-year mark for the first time.

Some 300 supercomputers now work at tasks as diverse as ferreting out oil deposits, analyzing muscle structures and creating special effects for Hollywood films. With the spread of supercomputer networks, high-speed computing power is available to anyone with a personal computer and a telephone hookup. "The world will never be the same," says Doyle Knight, director of the John von Neumann National Computer Center in Princeton, N.J. "Soon every industry, every science, every walk of life will in some way be touched by supercomputing."

Speed and power are what distinguish supercomputers from their humbler cousins. In the early days of the industry, speed was measured in thousands of FLOPS, an acronym for floating-point operations per second, in which the decimal point is moved in very large and small

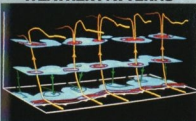
numbers. Today's largest machines are measured in gigaFLOPS, or billions of operations a second. Tomorrow's will be measured in teraFLOPS, trillions of operations a second. A single supercomputer going at teraFLOPS speed will have the power of 10 million personal computers working at full throttle.

The most powerful supercomputers are surprisingly small and sleek, some not much bigger than a California hot tub. But looks can be deceiving. Supercomputers often squeeze out the last bit of processing speed by shrinking the distances electrons have to travel within their wiring. They are tightly packed workhorses that require a whole array of supporting equipment. Some employ full-size main-frame computers just to shuttle programs in and out of their processing units. The machines may be connected, by cable or satellite, to hundreds of remote terminals that can transform raw numerical output into stunning 3-D graphics. They often need industrial-size refrigeration units to keep the rush of electronic signals within them from melting down their circuitry. The thermal output of the University of Minnesota's supercomputers is used to heat a garage.

For most of the supercomputer era, the market for the most powerful machines has been dominated by one firm, Cray Research of Minneapolis. With 178 of its distinctive C-shaped models installed around the world, Cray accounts for 60% of all the supercomputers sold. The closest competitor, located directly across the Mississippi River in St. Paul, is the company from which Cray split off in 1972: Control Data Corp. CDC, which in 1983 created a supercomputer subsidiary called ETA Systems, is holding steady with a 12.7% mar-

Looking ahead: IBM's experimental RP-3

WEATHER PATTERNS



MATHEMATICAL SHAPES



HUMAN MUSCLE



BULLET PIERCING ARMOR



TOP LEFT

ILLUSTRATION: JAMES H. HARRIS

ILLUSTRATION: JAMES H. HARRIS

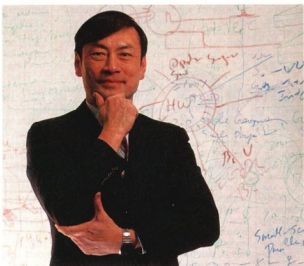


Technology

ket share. Coming up quickly is a trio of Japanese manufacturers—NEC, Hitachi and Fujitsu—that entered the supercomputer race in 1983 and has since captured 23% of the world market.

But this tidy pie chart may soon be upset by the surprise entry of a new player that for the past two decades has been most conspicuous by its absence from the supercomputer market: IBM. In December the largest computer manufacturer (1987 sales: \$54.2 billion) announced that it had struck a deal with Steve Chen, one of the foremost supercomputer designers, who joined the computer world last September by suddenly leaving his post as a vice president at Cray. With financial aid from IBM, Chen has set up his own company to develop a machine 100 times as fast as any currently on the market. "People say that IBM is just dipping its toes into the water," notes Irving Wladawsky-Berger, an IBM vice president. "We're in the middle of the ocean."

IBM has not only taken the plunge but has also put its prestige and enormous resources behind a radical kind of supercomputer that represents a dramatic break from the past. Since World War II, most computers have been designed to do things one step at a time, moving data in and out of a single high-speed processor. The computer Chen is building with IBM's backing will contain not one but 64 processors, all operating at the same time, in parallel, and thus significantly cutting



Chen: "A problem that takes three months, we want to do in a day"

down computing time. IBM's decision to support a major parallel-processing supercomputer project is a sign that technology is headed in that direction. Says H.T. Kung, computer scientist at Carnegie-Mellon University: "In one move, IBM legitimized two technologies: supercomputing and parallel processing." AT&T Bell Laboratories is expected to introduce a new parallel-processing computer at the American Physical Society meeting in New Orleans this week.

Cray, IBM and AT&T could be upstaged, however, by a determined gang of innovative computer designers who have already moved beyond 64 processing units to build machines that divide their work among hundreds, even thousands of processors. Last week scientists at Sandia

National Laboratories in Albuquerque announced that they have coaxed a 1,024-processor computer into solving several problems more than 1,000 times as fast as a single-processor machine acting alone, an unprecedented speedup that suggests the performance of supercomputers may in the future be related almost directly to the number of processors they employ.

Much supercomputing research is funded by the U.S. Government, whose appetite for high-speed, number-crunching power for both defense and intelligence uses seems boundless. Last year the Pentagon spent hundreds of millions of dollars trying to step up the speed of the fastest machines. One Government project that has a special need for supercomputing power is the national aerospace plane, a high-altitude aircraft intended to carry military and civilian cargo at up to 25 times the speed of sound. Since there are no wind tunnels capable of simulating such blistering airspeeds, the hypersonic plane will have to be tested on supercomputers, ideally on machines many times as powerful as existing models. Presidential Science Adviser William Graham has recommended that Congress appropriate an additional \$1.7 billion to support the development of parallel-processing supercomputers that by the mid-1990s could crunch data at teraFLOPS speed.

The military-intelligence connection is nothing new for supercomputer manufacturers. One of the first Crays to come off the assembly line in 1976 was shipped to the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, where it made short work of the mind-boggling mathematical equations required to design hydrogen bombs. Another early Cray without doubt was delivered to the National Security Agency in Fort Meade, Md., where it would have been put to work cracking military codes and sorting through the intelligence data that flood into the agency every day.

What is new is the rapidly growing appetite for supercomputer power in the private sector. In a classic case of a technology developed for a few specialized purposes finding application in all sorts of unexpected areas, supercomputing has spread from one industry to another like a benevolent virus. Semiconductor manufacturers use supercomputers to design ways to squeeze more transistors into a square-centimeter chip of silicon. Financial advisers use them to devise investment strategies of dizzying complexity. Biochemists need them to predict which molecules are worth testing as new medicines. Engineers rely on them to design new cars, jet engines, light bulbs, sailboats, refrigerators and artificial limbs.



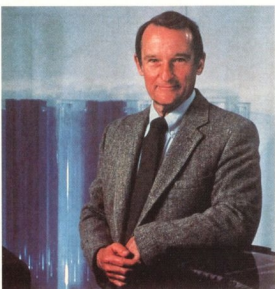
IBM researchers working on the next generation of high-speed processing chips
Putting the company's enormous resources behind a radically different strategy.

No one benefits more from supercomputing than research scientists. The National Science Foundation belatedly recognized that fact in 1985, when it committed itself to spending more than \$200 million to create supercomputer centers at five selected sites, plus the electronic links to connect the machines to dozens of universities and research labs. Today some 6,000 scientists at more than 200 institutions have access to the NSF centers. This availability has sparked a burst of scientific productivity in fields ranging from mathematics to fluid dynamics. Says Ron Bailey, chief of the Numerical Aerodynamic Simulation program at the NASA Ames Research Center: "Supercomputers are as significant to pioneering research today as calculus was to Newton."

Supercomputers are giving scientists unprecedented access to hidden worlds both large and small. Using the prodigious power of the Cray at the San Diego Supercomputer Center, Researchers Mark Ellisman and Stephen Young are studying a pair of noodle-like structures in the brains of Alzheimer's victims that scientists think may be a cause of premature dementia. Northwestern University Professor Arthur Freeman used a Cray-2 to produce a stunning portrait of the atomic structure of a new superconductor that carries an electric current freely at -283°F . The Cray X-MP at the University of Illinois has produced a dazzling array of colorful animations, from the roiling birth of a tornado to the super-sonic fountains that spew forth from black holes at the centers of galaxies. Says Nobel Physicist Kenneth Wilson of Cornell University: "An astronomer with a telescope can observe the universe over a period of 50 years. But an astrophysicist with a supercomputer can 'see' billions of years into the past and the future."

Yet for all the miracles supercomputers have made possible, their users are still not satisfied. Computer Architect Neil Lincoln jokes that the real definition of a supercomputer is a machine that is just one generation behind the problems it is asked to solve. Norman Morse, head of computations at Los Alamos National Laboratory, has eleven supercomputers at his disposal but still cannot please his weapons designers and other scientists. Says he: "We already have jobs right now that require a machine 100 times as fast as anything we have."

The race to build those faster supercomputers is well under way. In dozens of laboratories in the U.S., Europe and Japan, millions of dollars are being spent to support the efforts of hundreds of engineers and scientists, all driven by the dream of building the world's most powerful computing machine. If any one team



Cray: the elusive master designer in a rare photograph

can be said to have the head start, it is the small, tightly knit group of technicians working in an industrial park in Chippewa Falls, Wis., where Cray Research has its most important laboratories.

Chippewa Falls (pop. 13,000) enjoys a local reputation for its Leinenkugel's beer and Chippewa Springs water. But it is known around the world as the home of one of the most influential and enigmatic figures in computer science: Seymour Cray. A shy, solitary engineer who rarely gives press interviews, Cray, 62, is to supercomputers what Edison was to light bulbs or Bell to the telephone. First as a co-founder of Control Data, then for his own firm, Cray has designed an extraordinary series of high-performance machines, including the CDC 1604 (1960),

CDC 6600 (1964), CDC 7600 (1969), Cray-1 (1976) and Cray-2 (1985), each of which could at the time lay claim to being the world's most powerful computer.

In 1981 Cray stepped down as chairman of the company and became a "consultant," but that only gave him more time to focus on computer design. He is now completing plans for his next machine, the Cray-3 (due to be released in 1989), and is soon expected to focus on its successor, the Cray-4, with a single-mindedness that is legendary. "Seymour has the ability to concentrate on his work to the wholesale exclusion of everything else," says James Thornton, a former engineering colleague at CDC. "He captures the universe of what he's going to design inside his head, and there he stays until he's through."

Technologically, Cray shows no signs of losing his innovative touch. The Cray-3 is expected to be the first commercial computer

to use chips made of gallium arsenide as well as the usual silicon. Electrons travel up to ten times as fast through gallium arsenide, and although the material is more difficult and costly to work with, Cray has determined that the gain in speed will justify the added expense. Recognizing the growing importance of parallel processing, Cray is planning to give his most advanced model 64 processors, instead of the four in the Cray-2 and the 16 that will go into the Cray-3. Yet Cray is careful not to move too far, too fast. "The concept of stride is very important in developing computers," Cray told a group of customers last fall. "If you take a stride that is too large, you get bruised. If you take a step in one dimension, you better be careful about taking a step in

Just Dig While You Work

Where does the world's foremost designer of high-speed computers get his inspiration? Apparently deep in a dirt tunnel beneath his Wisconsin home, according to John Rollwagen, the chairman of Cray Research. As Rollwagen tells it, Seymour Cray, the company's elusive founder, has been dividing his time between building the next generation of supercomputers and digging an underground tunnel that starts below his Chippewa Falls house and heads toward the nearby woods. "He's been working at it for some time now," says Rollwagen, who reports that the tunnel is 8 ft. high, 4 ft. wide and lined with 4-by-4 cedar boards. When a tree fell through the top of the tunnel several years ago, Cray used the opening to install a periscope-equipped lookout.

For Cray, the excavation project is more than a simple diversion. "I work when I'm at home," he recently told a visiting scientist. "I work for three hours, and then I get stumped, and I'm not making progress. So I quit, and I go and work in the tunnel. It takes me an hour or so to dig four inches and put in the 4-by-4s. Now, as you can see, I'm up in the Wisconsin woods, and there are elves in the woods. So when they see me leave, they come into my office and solve all the problems I'm having. Then I go back up and work some more."

Rollwagen knows that Cray is only half kidding and that some of the designer's greatest inspirations come when he is digging. Says the chairman: "The real work happens when Seymour is in the tunnel."

Technology

another, or the step may get too long."

Those comments were taken to be a pointed reference to the work of Steve Chen, 44, who left Cray Research abruptly when the company refused to go along with his plan to build an ambitious new machine. By the time he walked out the door, Chen was already a star in the supercomputer field. Born in China, he grew up in Taiwan, moved to the U.S., studied electrical engineering at Villanova and got his doctorate at the University of Illinois in Champaign/Urbana. When he came to Cray Research in 1979, the company's officers thought they had found Cray's successor: someone as brilliant and dedicated as the master himself. Chen certainly aspired to be in the same class as Cray. Says he, with characteristic modesty: "There are only a few people crazy enough to do this all the time."

Chen quickly proved himself by reconfiguring the Cray-1 as a two-processor machine. The resulting computer, the Cray X-MP, became the best-selling supercomputer of all time, with more than 120 installed. Chen also designed the newly introduced Cray Y-MP, which the company hopes will match the commercial success of the X-MP. But Chen's drive to build ever more powerful computers brought him into conflict with Seymour Cray. The problem, according to Gary Smaby, a vice president at the Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood investment firm in Minneapolis, was not jealousy or a clash of personalities but contrasting technological styles. Chen's genius has been to get the most out of existing technology with a tight budget and skeleton staff. Chen took a "team approach," hiring a staff of 200 and encouraging them to push the state of the art wherever possible. In the eyes of management, Chen's proposed machine, the Cray MP, would have involved risk on five different technological fronts, including the limited use of fiber-optic cables to send some streams of data with beams of light rather than electrons. When projected costs hit \$100 million, more than double the original budget, Cray Chairman John Rollwagen backed away and canceled the project outright, forcing Chen's resignation.

About 45 members of his research team at Cray defected along with Chen and set up shop twelve miles away in Eau Claire, Wis. Within three months Chen lined up the financial commitment from IBM, estimated at \$10 million to \$45 million. "We know what it takes to nurture visionaries," says IBM's Wladawsky-Berger. "We want Chen to swing for the fences." And that is what he intends to do. Says Chen: "Five years from now we

should be at 100 billion gigaflops. A problem that takes three months to do now, we want to do in a day."

IBM is not relying solely on Chen, however. As the supercomputer market reaches the magic \$1 billion-a-year figure that has traditionally been the company's threshold of interest, IBM has at least six different supercomputer efforts under way, although some are primarily research projects. One experiment involves a special-purpose computer called GF-11 that fills an entire 500-sq.-ft. room. Another computer, called RP-3, will consist of eight 8-ft. cubes arranged like a giant merry-go-round in a 35-ft. ring. But even these machines will be dwarfed by IBM's most ambitious supercomputer, the TF-1, a behemoth whose specifications include 4,000 miles of internal wiring, 33,000 high-speed

gle-processor supercomputers. But they have not, so far, begun linking large numbers of individual processors together. It is there, in parallel processing, that the U.S. still has the edge over the Japanese. A handful of small American manufacturers, including Bolt Beranek and Newman, NCUBE and Ametek Computer Research, have already started marketing parallel machines that can zip through equations at such blistering speeds that they threaten to put conventional supercomputers on the endangered list.

The sticking point with parallelism, however, is the software. Tens of thousands of man-years have been put into writing programs for traditional supercomputers. "Going parallel means starting over," says Thomas Nash at the Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory. That is why the news from Sandia last week was so important. It confirmed that there are dramatic increases in speed to be achieved by breaking large problems into small pieces and solving them simultaneously. Says David Kuck, Chen's former professor at the University of Illinois: "What's going to happen in the next decade is that we'll figure out how to make parallelism work."

Making parallelism work will benefit not just supercomputer users but also those researchers in computer science's other grand project, artificial intelligence. In fact, one of the most advanced parallel machines, a 65,536-processor computer called the Connection Machine, was built by researchers trained at M.I.T.'s Artificial Intelligence Laboratory. W. Daniel Hillis, the 31-year-old engineer who designed the computer, sees in it the first concrete evidence of what he views as an inevitable convergence of the two fields. "Supercomputing is an enabling technology for artificial intelligence," says Hillis. "Just as you couldn't build an airplane without first developing engines powerful enough to drive them, you can't build artificial intelligence without faster supercomputers."

Far more is at stake than the sale of a few multimillion-dollar machines. The country that leads the world in supercomputers and artificial intelligence will hold the keys to economic and technological development in the 1990s and beyond. Breakthroughs are waiting to be made in fields that range from genetic engineering to particle physics, from automated manufacturing to space exploration. There is even a chance that scientists will use the new computers to understand better the most complex machine of all, the human mind.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York, J. Madeleine Nash/Minneapolis and Charles Pelton/San Francisco



Hand-wiring a Cray-2 to minimize the distance signals have to travel
Spreading from one industry to another like a benevolent virus.

processing units and a single switching device measuring 80 ft. in diameter. When completed, the TF-1 should be capable of top speeds 2,000 times as fast as today's supercomputers.

IBM's real concern in the supercomputer market may be not Cray Research but Hitachi, Fujitsu and NEC. With their first generation of supercomputers, the Japanese made clear their intention to wipe out America's 25-year lead. Today their fastest machines compare favorably with any supercomputer made in the U.S. In some applications they outperform the most advanced U.S. models. During a test comparing the newest single-processor Hitachi S-820/80 and a two-processor Cray X-MP, the Hitachi machine beat the Cray by about 10 to 1. Says Yukihiko Karaki, a professor at Senshu University in Tokyo: "Looking at these figures, one might say that Japanese users can do without Cray supercomputers."

To date the Japanese have concentrated on speeding up the performance of their fastest processing chips. As a result, they now make the world's most powerful sin-

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Putting Knowledge to Work

Suddenly, artificial intelligence produces some results



Although supercomputers are dazzling in their power and engineering virtuosity, hardware alone will only partly achieve the eventual goal of computer scientists: the creation of systems that can mimic the decision-making powers of human beings. This goal is called AI, for artificial intelligence, and it has eluded computer programmers for decades. Now, however, even as supercomputers open up

new worlds of possibility, researchers are taking major strides toward making their machines both smarter and more versatile.

Their work has spawned a new phase of the great computer revolution that has been going on for the past 40 years or so. Whereas the early use of computers revolutionized information handling, late developments promise to better manage raw computer power and

the increasing complexity of modern information technology. For the first time in history, these systems allow computers to deal with ambiguity and questions of judgment that are too subtle for conventional data processing, however powerful. After years of false starts and overblown promises, the new systems, called expert or knowledge-processing systems, have exploded onto the commercial scene in the U.S., Western Europe and Japan, which is also trying to develop AI technologies. "We have spent hundreds of billions of dollars developing computer power that has set us adrift in a sea of data," says Thomas P. Kehler, CEO of IntelliCorp, a California software company. The new systems promise to put that information to work.

Eighteen months ago scarcely a handful of these systems existed in business and government. Now there are an estimated 1,000 to 3,000 in daily use, and the number is increasing by 50% annually. They grew out of much touted artificial-intelligence research into human decision making in the 1960s and '70s. AI thus far has failed to reduce human intelligence to hardware and software. But in the quest to build machines that see, move, communicate and think like humans, AI has produced offshoots with evident commercial potential. Says Herbert Schorr, who spearheads IBM's efforts to commercialize AI: "Knowledge processing allows you to handle new, tough problems that are too costly or too painful to do with conventional programming techniques."

Commercial systems derived from artificial intelligence suddenly seem to be everywhere. Some examples:

► At American Express, a new computer system contains the cloned expertise of platoons of specialists who approve unusual credit requests for the company's estimated 20 million U.S. cardholders. For the first time, the computer will decide whether to okay the purchase of, say, a \$5,000 Oriental rug by a usually prudent spender—or nix the transaction on the suspicion that the cardholder is on a buying spree.

► In their supersecret war on terrorism, U.S. intelligence agents routinely consult a specially developed computer system, programmed with the arcane knowledge of a handful of terrorism experts, to anticipate and avert terrorist actions. The year-old system has reportedly helped predict terrorist attacks in Western Europe.

► By the end of next year, Ford dealers across the country may no longer have to call Dearborn, Mich., to talk with Com-

HOW IT REASONS

Dialogue with a simple expert system

Does it have hair?

Is it a carnivore?

Does it have pointed teeth?

Does it have claws?

I am trying to establish whether it is a carnivore. Does it have claws?

Does it have hooves?

Then it is a giraffe.

Rule 1: If it has hair, it is a mammal.

Rule 5: If it is a mammal and it has hooves, it is an ungulate.

Rule 9: If it is an ungulate and has dark spots and a long neck, then it is a giraffe.

I've found this strange animal, but I don't know what it is.

Yes.

I hope not.

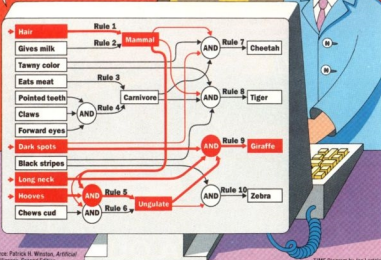
I don't know.

Why?

No. It has dark spots and a very long neck.

Yes.

How did you reach that conclusion?



Source: Patrick H. Winston, *Artificial Intelligence*, Second Edition

TIME Diagram by Joe Lertora

pany Expert Gordy Kujawski every time they run into a hard-to-diagnose engine problem. Instead, they will simply plug into a new nationwide computer system developed by Ford to duplicate the reasoning Kujawski uses to untangle the knottiest problems.

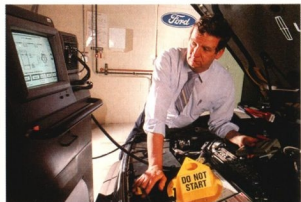
Two years ago IBM's Schorr proclaimed the "second wave" of the information revolution. "While the first wave automated data processing," he said, "the second wave will automate decision making." IBM now considers itself the world leader in second-wave technology and is either using or developing expert systems throughout the company. Big Blue's claims to leadership, however, get spirited argument from companies like Digital Equipment Corp. and E.I. du Pont de Nemours. They and others are using second-wave technology not only to bring computers to bear on problems that until now have been bypassed by the information

Still, the impetus behind second-wave technology is not its potential but what it can deliver now in financial returns and improved productivity. In April 1986, IBM brought on line its first expert system, called DEFT (for Diagnostic Expert-Final Test). Its task: to perform the mundane but critical job of diagnosing problems during the final testing of the giant disk drives that store information for IBM's mainframe computers. Since then the testing system has been adapted as a diagnostic tool for IBM service experts and to perform a variety of different tests on IBM equipment. IBM's initial cost: roughly \$100,000. The payoff: \$12 million in annual savings.

At Xerox, a leading U.S. manufacturer of copying machines, expert systems like RIC (for Remote Interactive Communications) are giving the first practical hints about what the second-wave revolution will mean. Employing the reasoning

state a relationship that is likely, but not guaranteed, to yield an outcome. Heuristics allow computers to deal with situations that cannot be reduced to mathematical formulas and may involve many exceptions. It is the kind of reasoning that governs countless everyday decisions, ranging from the mundane, such as choosing the appropriate clothes for a job interview, to the apocalyptic, such as deciding whether a Soviet missile launch is a routine test or an all-out attack.

Mycin took some 20 man-years to complete. It turned out to be more accurate than the humans against whom it was tested: in one trial, the system prescribed the correct treatment 65% of the time, in contrast to human specialists, who were right in 42.5% to 62.5% of cases. Still, Mycin did not have a clue that it was diagnosing a human being, nor did it have any idea what a human is. In fact, it was perfectly capable of trying to prescribe



Testing the system: Ford's Kujawski taps his expertise in Dearborn



Silicon ace: mock-up of Pilot's Associate at Texas Instruments in Dallas

While the first wave of the information revolution automated data processing, the second wave will automate decision making.

revolution but also to extend the range and availability of human expertise. Says Edward Feigenbaum, an AI pioneer and co-author of a forthcoming book on second-wave success stories: "Every system we have looked at improved productivity by more than an order of magnitude—that's like the difference between a car and a jet plane."

Despite these gains, current systems operate within strict limits and too often behave more like idiots savants than experts. Second-wave systems as yet have no common sense or awareness of the world outside their narrow slice of expertise. At high-tech redoubts like Xerox's Palo Alto Research Center in California, scientists are planning decision-making systems that will behave more like real experts. Example: an all-purpose electronic repairman that uses knowledge and common sense about electricity to diagnose any problem put before it. At Xerox and elsewhere, other scientists are examining the very foundations of artificial intelligence. Their aim: a theory that will enable them to build computers that can step outside the limits of a specific expertise and understand the nature and context of the problems they are confronting.

of a special Xerox team of diagnosticians, RIC reads data from a copier's internal instruments, senses when something is about to go wrong, and sends a report to a repairman, who can warn the customer that an imminent breakdown can be avoided by taking appropriate steps. Theoretically, Xerox copiers hooked up to RIC systems should never break down.

The technological lineage of RIC and almost every other second-wave system can be traced back to Mycin, an expert system written at Stanford in the mid-1970s. Named for a group of antibiotics, Mycin was the brainchild of a Ph.D. candidate named Edward Shortliffe, who designed it to help physicians diagnose certain infectious diseases and choose appropriate remedies. After painstakingly interviewing doctors about the process of diagnosis and treatment, Shortliffe and company programmed Mycin with some 500 rules to guide its decisions.

Unlike the basic unit of conventional computer programming—the algorithm, which details a precise series of steps that will yield a precise result—those rules (referred to in computerese as heuristics)

penicillin to fix a broken window. All it could do was rigidly test the applicability of various rules to pieces of data. This led critics like Joseph Weizenbaum, a professor of computer science at M.I.T., to dismiss expert systems like Mycin as "Potemkin villages. You move a little to the left, and you see it's all a façade."

While Weizenbaum and other critics insisted on measuring Mycin against human intelligence and knowledge, others looked at the system and saw a computer-handling expertise that had previously resisted automation. No one, however, was going to build expert systems if they took several years to construct. Solution: create a Mycin without medical knowledge—in effect, construct an empty shell into which programmers could pour all kinds of different expertise. In 1977 a team of Stanford researchers under Feigenbaum dubbed the new shell Emycin (for Empty Mycin) and used it to build several more expert systems. Emycin spurred a number of start-up companies, led by AI entrepreneurs like Feigenbaum, to build knowledge shells for the commercial market.

The second wave had a rocky start. Too often, enthusiastic young computer nerds babbling in technospeak would sell

Technology

flashy systems to computer-dazzled counterparts in the research divisions of Fortune 500 companies. In turn, the corporate techies built glitzy prototypes that ran on exotic hardware. By the mid-1980s it became clear that both groups had missed the point: big companies did not want sexy technology for its own sake; they wanted solutions to business problems. Consequently, a number of once-gung-ho companies began to sour on artificial-intelligence technology as expensive and impractical.

What saved the fledgling industry was the discovery that applied artificial intelligence could produce concrete results when properly used. In 1978 the Massachusetts-based Digital Equipment Corp. joined forces with AI Theoretician John McDermott of Carnegie Mellon University to develop XCon (for Expert Configurator), a system to assist salesmen in choosing parts for DEC computer systems from among tens of thousands of alternatives. XCon went on line in 1981, and for several years it was the only expert system in commercial use that companies could employ to gauge the worth of their technology. Today XCon configures almost every Digital computer system and saves the company \$25 million annually.

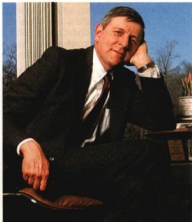
IBM was a latecomer to the second wave. It was not until 1984 that Schorr, a respected computer designer within the company, was assigned to take corporate responsibility for artificial-intelligence projects. "Three years ago it became apparent that this technology had gone past the research phase and had become commercial," he recalls. "IBM decided we could make money in it, and that we should be the world leader." Cautiously at first, IBM began to search for opportunities to apply expert systems internally—for "the low-hanging fruit," as Schorr puts it today.

After the company's first shot—the DEFT system to diagnose troubles in IBM's giant disk drives—proved a bull's-eye, IBM Chairman John Akers became an enthusiast. He gave Schorr the green light to promote expert systems throughout the company. IBM now has 50 knowledge systems up and running, and Schorr expects that number to double each year for the next few years.

If IBM, as Schorr claims, is the world leader in applied artificial intelligence, Du Pont is running close behind. Ed Mahler, the Delaware multinational's program director for artificial intelligence, says the company currently has 200 knowledge systems in use and expects to have 2,000 systems running by 1990. The reason for the explosion, according to Mahler: knowledge-processing technology is now affordable, and even the most

sophisticated systems are available on personal computers.

Rule-based systems such as XCon and DEFT, however, still have drawbacks. When asked a question, the expert system blindly searches through its data base to see which rules apply, then searches through the data base again to find the data for the rule. More sophisticated knowledge systems store information in frames, which organize it along with its relevant attributes. AI Pioneer Marvin Minsky of M.I.T. noticed that when people enter a room, they have a set of expectations about what they will find—a desk



Champion of the second wave: IBM's Schorr



Codifying common sense: Xerox's de Kleer puts his feet up in Palo Alto
To develop new systems, a rebel generation believes it must rebuild AI.

or chair, perhaps, but certainly not, for example, an ocean. His idea was to package information in a way that accommodates those expectations: a room might also contain a bed, window and lamp. Minsky's frame concept allowed for more efficient use of the computer by enabling it to find what it needed directly, minimizing blind searches.

Growing numbers of U.S. companies are no longer arguing about whether second-wave technology is worth adopting;

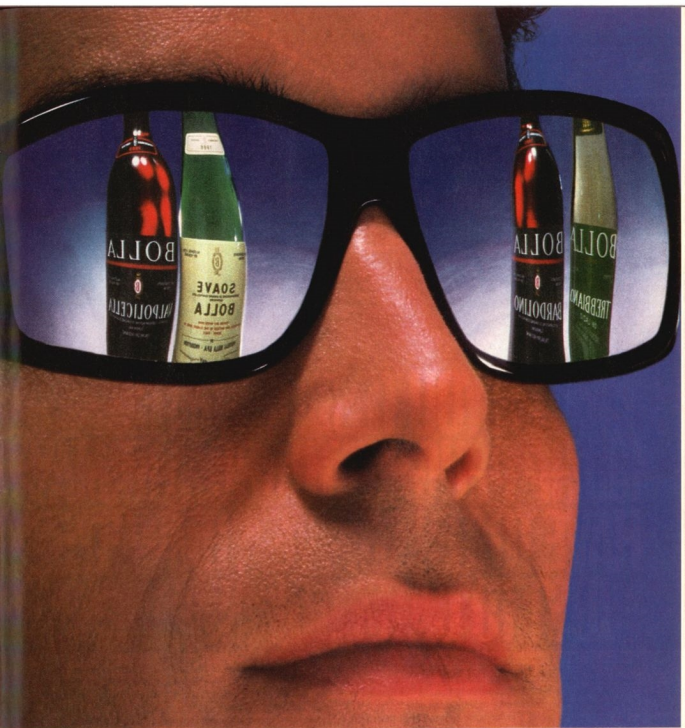
instead, they are concerned about how best to use it. They are finding all sorts of ingenious applications. United Airlines has developed a simple frame-based system called GADS (Gate-Assignment and Display System) to help prevent the infuriating delays that occur when weather and scheduling problems scramble gate assignments for incoming planes. The system encodes the reasoning that gate controllers use when scheduling gate assignments (for example, two adjacent gates cannot accommodate two DC-10s at once). Before GADS, United's gate controllers would physically move magnetic pieces around on a big metal board. Now they use GADS for playing what-if games to head off problems long before they develop.

The military has tapped second-wave technology in its efforts to come to grips with the complexities of modern warfare. The Navy monitors the strategic status of the Pacific fleet with a system that tracks 600 ships, submarines and aircraft and alerts the fleet commander to changes in readiness and the probable impact of those changes. The system analyzes everything that affects readiness, from firepower and fuel consumption to morale (which it estimates by keeping track of the time that has elapsed since a ship's last shore leave). Complex fleet-deployment problems that used to require several days can now be resolved in a matter of hours.

More ambitious is ALBM (AirLand Battle Management), a system designed to address every aspect of planning and fighting an air and land battle. ALBM is intended to supply computerized intelligence to the "electronic battlefield" that the military has been developing as part of its evolving command-and-control strategy. When completed, this system will enable commanders to explore war games and battle scenarios, test tactical hypotheses and plan weapons and troop deployment. But the information-processing requirements of a major-theater war would be enormous. Managing a battle is not a case of dealing with one source of data rapidly but, rather, simultaneously processing data about air threats, supply lines, weather and the positioning of hundreds of thousands of soldiers. Whether

er ALBM will be a device for war games or a battlefield tool depends on the military's ability to harness the power of massive parallel processors—computers with thousands of processors that can work simultaneously on a problem.

Processing power is an even more daunting problem for Pilot's Associate, a knowledge system the military hopes to field in the 1990s. The device is designed to advise electronically a fighter pilot in combat about everything from weather to




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the sound system features 12 speakers and 200 watts of power) would be irresponsible unless it were designed to give you complete control over it. That's why the Peugeot Turbo S is equipped with fully independent suspension, precise electronically controlled, variable-assist power steering and, of course, computerized ABS braking.

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ground and air threats. It will include several expert systems with sophisticated three-dimensional data bases. But if it is to deliver its advice effectively to pilots who have only seconds to respond and act, this system too will require putting into fighter aircraft the type of computing power that today fills entire rooms.

Moreover, even the developers wonder whether pilots in a crunch will trust their lives to silicon advisers. Chris Spiegel of Texas Instruments, which is developing the system with McDonnell Douglas, notes that to better their concentration, many pilots begin turning off automatic systems the closer they get to combat.

Pilots are not the only ones worrying about the reliability of sophisticated military expert systems. Terry Winograd, an AI pioneer turned critic who is now at Stanford, has formed a Palo Alto-based group called Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility to oppose the use of

laws that govern electrical flow and conductivity. But it would also have the common sense to decide whether it was faced with a broken VCR or a broken computer. To build this system, de Kleer has spent ten years codifying what he calls "qualitative" calculus that will provide the language to build "common-sense physics." The problem with common sense is that it requires the computer to skip nimbly among many different perspectives in order to find the approach that best fits a problem. The computer must be able to simultaneously maintain the assumptions underlying these different perspectives, and de Kleer says that this, again, will require massive processing power. He looks to parallel processing for the power to run his systems. "Running my applications on a serial supercomputer would require all the computer time in history," he says.

De Kleer's diagnostic systems are at least five years away. Even further out are

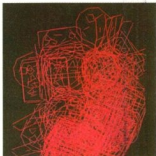
researchers have tried and failed to do.

Some breakaway AI scientists suspect that the answer to this problem lies in the way humans respond to the context of an activity or conversation. Brian Smith, a Xerox theorist studying the foundations of knowledge, believes that people derive a tremendous amount of information from the physical setting of a conversation, and that meaning that is not evident usually emerges during the dialogue. If he can reduce this process to theory, Smith believes, it will be possible to build a machine that would know what is meant in ordinary human conversation. Getting a machine to act on what it "understands" is yet another problem. Stan Rosenschein, former head of artificial-intelligence research at SRI International in Menlo Park, Calif., is testing a robot called Flakey, which he hopes will have the ability to carry out a physical chore like delivering a package. Right now Flakey can

THE NEW MACHINES CORP.



Machine vision: "seeing" objects



Stage 2: matching known shapes



Stage 3: eliminating options



Stage 4: recognition

second-wave systems in military applications. Winograd believes that isolating experts from the unforeseen consequences of their decisions is "perhaps the most subtle and dangerous consequence of the patchwork rationality of present expert systems." He is specifically concerned about the use of expert systems in President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars system. In the 1960s, Winograd notes, a computer system announced a Soviet attack when radar signals bounced off the moon, an occurrence that had not been anticipated by the programmer. He contends that the potential for similar errors is greatly magnified with expert systems.

In the near term, the future of the second wave will involve novel applications built with existing software technology such as frames and rules. It has already produced some unanticipated benefits. Companies have discovered, for example, that their engineers use the technology as a reasoning tool. While in the past they would tell a programmer what they wanted in the way of a computer application and hope for the best, now they are creating prototypes for their own systems, then fiddling with them until they are right.

Others, however, are already thinking beyond existing technologies. Johan de Kleer, a respected knowledge-system designer at Xerox, envisions an all-purpose electrical diagnostician that would have specific knowledge, such as the various



The seer: Connection Machine in Cambridge

general-knowledge systems that would not be limited to a specific function or even a preset agenda but would instead be able to respond appropriately to unexpected tasks and problems. To develop such systems, a rebel generation of AI scientists believes that it is necessary to rebuild their field from the ground up. Their emphasis, says Philosopher Daniel Dennett of Tufts University, is on figuring out how people manage to accomplish the plain, everyday things that account for most human behavior, rather than on creating a mathematical model of the intellect, as an older generation of AI

follow only simple, specific instructions, then exclaim, "I did it! I did it!"

How long will it take before machines are developed that are truly intelligent and able to make their way in the world? It is, of course, foolish to predict where any new technology is going or when it will get there. But in his 1986 book on artificial intelligence, *Machinery of the Mind*, Science Writer George Johnson offers a guidepost. He recounts the story of a Chinese student who became disillusioned with the study of artificial intelligence. It was as if, said the student, a modern American had asked an ancient Greek to build a television, then offered only the information that TV is a system that projects images across long distances; logically, the ancient might proceed to place a long sequence of reflecting mirrors across the landscape and claim to have built such a machine.

That, the student concluded, was an apt analogy to AI. Like their Greek counterparts, AI scientists can build crude models and they have a rough idea of the principles and properties involved in achieving their goal. But it may be centuries, if ever, before all those elements are sufficiently understood to enable mere mortals to fulfill the dream of AI: to create electronic replicas of themselves. —By Eugene Linden. Reported by Scott Brown/Dallas and J. Madeleine Nash/Chicago

Living

When Paris Is Not Burning

Lacroix debuts, Miyake muses, fresh talent hides

It is quite possible that (*plap*) the fashion season of fall-winter 1988-89 (again, *plap*), still being presented this week in Paris, will be remembered less for design and more for sound effects: the dull, liquid thud (*plap*) made by the chins of dozens of the international fashion elite slumbering forward (*plap*) onto soft silk and welcoming cashmere (*plap, plap*) as models mosey down the runways in yet another sanguine incarnation of the new look. Ah, short skirts (*plap*), ah, mid-length skirts (*plap*), ah, pants are back (*plap*), ah, sleep.

Until Paris, went the chat among trade and press, the shows in Milan and London were a cumulative snooze-a-thon. Only Armani, in Italy, showed strength. The designers of England were, as ever, erratic and eccentric. There were signs of disappointment in retail reactions to the shows. Skirmishes over skirt length were blown, in the absence of any heavier action, into epic battles in a generally desperate attempt to bring heat to the placid proceedings. The short-skirt wrangle was a sure sign that the season was falling into something worse than a crisis. At least a critical condition can mean fever and ferment. This was looking more like fashion stasis. Paris was crucial. And Paris was not burning.

It was up to Christian Lacroix, currently carrying the torch as the mainstream's brightest hope, to kindle some heat. Lacroix, who turned couture upside down and shook out its hand-stitched pockets as no one else has since Saint Laurent, made his ready-to-wear debut, and expectations were high. Lacroix had suggested, while the clothes were still being made, that the giddy shapes and botanical palate of his couture work were going to be a bit muted. But when the lights went up on the first passage, there was a mini-mob of models swarming together at the back of the runway wearing splendiferous coats and short dresses and hats all colored like condiments: mustard yellow, catsup red, hot dog-relish green and purple that looked as if it had come from an eggplant that had suffered a fatal injection of food dye. No *plaps* from the audience now. There were exclamations of glee and applause as the models

swanked and swanned. If Lacroix wasn't staging a feast, it was clear he was laying on a nifty picnic.

Probably too much was expected of Lacroix. He propelled all manner of blinding prints down the runway and showed some inventive accessories, like the kind of mirrored purses backpackers bring back from Third World suqs. But the strain showed too. Some outfits, like a short ballerina-style skirt with a removable poofy apron, suggested that Lacroix was already feeling the weight of his considerable reputation and that it had already got too heavy just to shrug off. He was meeting his own standard, but not besting himself. He was, in a sense, just like every other designer this year: struggling with the challenge

that his own success had set down.

When a designer gets as much sudden attention as Lacroix, all of fashion has somehow to deal with the subject, either by reacting to the new boy's work or by resisting it, assimilating all his brio and his swank, sidestepping it or transforming it. "I love doing whatever they say I can't," Lacroix reflected after his show. "I like to experiment, but I don't think of myself as a revolutionary." In a sense, Lacroix got hung up in the reaction he had generated. Both the buoyancy and sweep of his work on view in the scrumptious cut of a high-waisted check suit with a buttoned bolero or in the immaculate simplicity of some caramel-colored coats are easy to see but hard to define.

"Maybe Lacroix is not modern, exact-





Miyake



Lacroix

ly," says Issey Miyake, whose new collection was one of the few that flew serenely above the Lacroix wave. "But he is not retro either. He is Lacroix, and that is good." He is also a formidable force, whose fashion of light and luxe tries to trump the experimentation with fabric, form and color of Miyake and other modernists. Lacroix has raised hemlines, and he has raised the stakes as well. His works demand a response, but to the best modernists, fashion is an open question that each wearer must resolve and that each designer must continue to pose.

Picking up on the question, however, is getting to be a bit of a problem. Several of the most generative designers are not even showing at the eight-day presentations held in huge tents set down in the

Louvre courtyard. Azzedine Alaïa, whose clothes remain sexy and shaped like refinements of street fashion, continues to play coy and show well after openings when the press is back measuring hemlines on its home turf. Adeline André, who makes clothes as if she were the slightly naughty granddaughter of the legendary designer Madeleine Vionnet, is concentrating all her energies and finances on opening a design house this fall. Marc Audibert, who turns out startling fabric mixtures like Lycra and cashmere that simultaneously encase and caress the body, will make clothes on a limited basis only for sale in the U.S. "All designers have a single story to tell, and tell it over and over again, evolving within it," he likes to say, but just now the climate is not

favorable to him. His dresses have a soft-spoken strength and purity of line that defy clamor, but this is a time of ruckus and ruffles. As Miyake remarks, "Things are so conservative now. It's especially hard to be a young designer these days. Fashion is not so much design anymore. It's an industrial game."

In that case, André means to compete on the fast track. Her first boutique will open in Paris this fall, selling her pared-down, sensual, bias-cut dresses and coats that wrap up the wearer like a birthday surprise. A two-year apprenticeship at Dior taught her that "the allure is all in the cut," but André matches her classical lines to a lively color range of kinetic, kindergarten-bright hues. "What counts," she says, "is the delayed reaction," and André makes sure there is a lot to linger over. Her coat of cashmere velours makes an immediate impact with its lilting turquoise color, while its witty cut—there are three (count 'em) armholes—continues to flirt with the imagination. Audibert's work is sensitive and ethereal, but André tends a little more to the pragmatic. She is not so concerned, she says, with the general climate of fashion as she is with making a niche.

Designing safe inside a creative cocoon, impervious to commercial flux, is an almost utopian ideal. It requires a nearly impossible combination: flinty individuality, a healthy business base, a viable commercial identity and a strong stylistic hand. Rei Kawakubo of Comme des garçons and Yohji Yamamoto have both been around long enough to be considered less revolutionaries than revisionist classicists, but their new collections showed them to be as restless and clever as ever. Kawakubo sent out dozens of outfits with unexpected lapels and seams like overgrown ski trails, most in combinations of black, red and orange, so the show seemed like a massive box of spilled Halloween candy. Yamamoto, the Zen master of the subtle change, struck up a parade of flowing black coats with closings as challenging as Rubik's Cube.

No one, however, continues on his own way as unerringly as Issey Miyake. This new collection is his 31st, but it abounds with so many notions about shape and fabric that it bursts open like a just discovered treasure chest. The waist rises on a short black leather skirt, but the hem falls irregularly. A raincoat is made of polyester that feels and falls like inked paper. One pantsuit in atomic-orange wool knit looks like a drill uniform for fashion insurrectionists. Another pantsuit in silk clings and flares in the jacket, rides the waist, then blossoms out in the cuffs, looking, in its mad dappling of colors, like a loft painter's drop cloth. "Everything is so much the couture look, the expensive look, now it's time to rethink again, to find something different," Miyake says. Even in times of uncertainty, as now, Miyake conclusively demonstrates that there is always one sustaining direction for a designer: inward.

—By Jay Collins.
Reported by Regan Charles/Paris

Press

Telling Readers Where to Go

A host of travel magazines arrive, but will they visit for long?

First, never leave home without a golf ball. It will fit the drain in the vast majority of the world's hotel sinks that come without a plug. Also, start filling the tub immediately if you hear gunshots. One of the things that goes first and fast in insurrections and civil wars is the water supply. But travel is not all grim. When in Bali, do not pass up the free-lance masseuses on Kuta Beach. And if you happen into Peshawar, make straight for Salateen's and try the leg of lamb, "a treat of international renown."

Such is the advice from *Trips*, which premiered on newsstands last week, pledging that it is for "those who are weary of travel magazines and wary of their authority." By now the reading public may be wearier and warier than ever, since in the past seven months three major new magazines have shoved into an already crowded baggage rack full of travel publications. If there is a common theme to the new celebrators of get-up-and-go, it is that tourists are to be despised but travelers are to be exalted. The magazines, of course, promise to reveal the difference.

The other common theme is that there is money to be made telling people where to go. The idea is not new. Several U.S. periodicals devoted to the journeying reader emerged at the turn of the century, including the forefather of what is today's *Travel-Holiday*, owned by the Reader's Digest. That magazine now has a circulation of 800,000 and remains a sedate, middlebrow Howard Johnson's sort of enterprise. The new action is exemplified by the current industry leader, American Express's upscale *Travel & Leisure*, a 17-year-old that is still growing briskly, with a circulation of 1.1 million and advertising revenues of \$39.5 million. The host of followers has been drawn by the decade-long boom in the U.S. travel industry. This year Americans heading abroad are expected to lay out \$32.9 billion (up 14% despite the unfavorable exchange rate in many countries), and close to ten times that amount will be spent on domestic trips. Only food and cars get a bigger wedge out of the U.S. consumers' wallet.

The first of the newcomer flock arrived in 1985 with *European Travel & Life*, an album of life-styles of the rich and shameless now owned by Rupert Murdoch. Writers scout the perfect half-timbered inns of Normandy, poke into isolated Sardinian coves, or try for par on a Scottish golf course. Most issues include pictures of food you can smell off the page.

"We take you to places you wouldn't see," explains Editor in Chief David Breul, "and introduce you to people you wouldn't meet." There seems to be no shortage of vicarious voyagers: circulation has risen 70%, to 290,000 in the past year.

At the other end of the market, for people with less time to plan and less money to spend, Fairchild Publications offers

motional. Evans touts his magazine's "truth in travel" policy and sniffs at competitor *Travel & Leisure* as "one seamless travelogue, where all headwaiters bow."

The final entrant, apparently, in the current surge of voyaging voyeurs, *Trips* is trying a different style and message. Call it discomfort chic. Published by the khaki-clothing chain Banana Republic, *Trips* is for the wanderlust adventurer accustomed to sharing hotel space with all manner of wildlife. Editor in Chief and Banana Republic Founder Mel Ziegler, a former newspaper reporter, dismisses most travel writing as "dull and antiseptic" and describes his entry as the equivalent of a "bunch of friends at a dinner table swapping really good travel tales." The inaugural issue has more ads for Jeeps than jewels, and few ads of any kind that do not reek of adventure and natural fibers.

Taken together, the new magazines have pushed out the boundaries of traditional travel writing by including information for impulse travelers as well as careful planners and offering, in some cases at least, a critical view of the industry. *Traveler*, the best new entry, has produced some trenchant investigative pieces on the qualifications of the lordly Michelin guides and the destruction of the Tongass rain forest in Alaska. But in the new sensibility, *Traveler* included, the spirit of travel porn persists with such seductive stories as "How to Shop Like a Princess," "Ballooning over Newport" and "The Almost-Too-Good Life at La Costa."

There are also some troubles in paradise. Lawyers for Condé Nast's *Traveler* will be appearing in Manhattan federal court this week to respond to a lawsuit by National Geographic's quarterly *Traveler* charging that the overall appearance of Evans' magazine is strikingly similar to National Geographic's publication. At *Trips*, Ziegler denies that hard times in the parent clothing chain will trim the magazine's sails. And industry analysts still wonder if the market can soak up so many go-go competitors—particularly since travel-related companies put only one-fifth of their ad budgets into travel magazines.

Traveler Publisher Ronald Galotti is not concerned. "We're evolving into a group of people who believe we are entitled to some downtime or vacation time," he says. "We're talking about self-indulgence and self-entitlement for that 40-year-old." In other words, a new adage: You can't go broke (or so the new travel publishers hope) overestimating the indulgence of the American people.

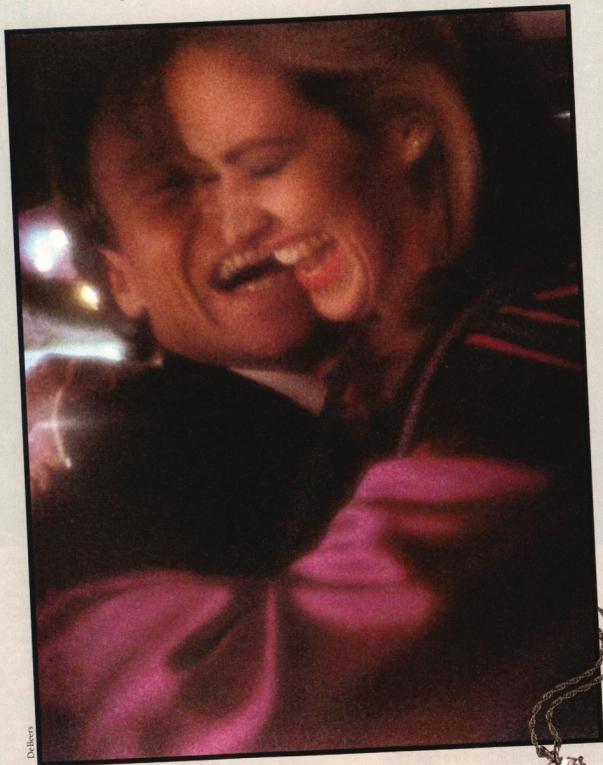
—By Nancy R. Gibbs.
Reported by Jeanne McDowell and Naushad S. Mehta/New York



Travel Today!, which debuted this winter on East Coast newsstands as an instant, if uncritical, source of news on cheap airfares, hotel rates, package tours and where to spend a long weekend just about anywhere in the world. With its short headline and weekly frequency, the magazine sacrifices some of the gloss common in the field in order to have the latest information for the fast-growing ranks of short-trip takers and long weekenders.

Last September the Condé Nast empire, publisher of *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue* and *Gourmet*, among others, spent \$40 million launching the upmarket *Traveler* for those who prefer to go where there are civil ways and no civil wars. Under former *Times* of London Editor Harold Evans, *Traveler* (circ. 853,490) boasts of its "muscle and vision"—ratings of not only the world's best restaurants but also the worst, stories more analytical than pro-

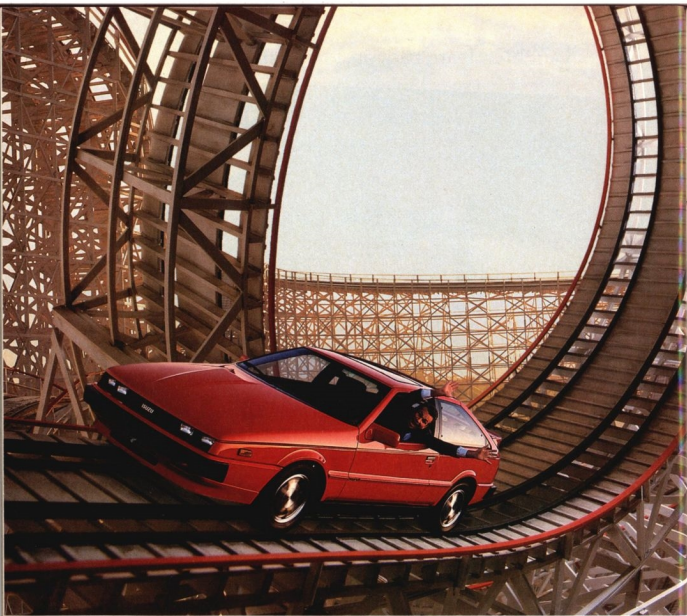
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Milestones

RETIREMENT PLANNED. By Peter Rodino, 78, the powerful chairman of the House Judiciary Committee who presided over Richard Nixon's impeachment hearings in 1974; after 20 terms as a Democratic Congressman from New Jersey. During the Reagan years, Rodino effectively opposed constitutional amendments to ban abortion and busing and restore school prayer. He also promoted passage of an overhaul of the immigration laws and an extension of the Voting Rights Act.

CHARGED. Margaret Trudeau Kemper, 39, jet-setting ex-wife of former Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau; with possession of marijuana; in provincial court in Ottawa. The frisky mother of four whose best-selling 1979 autobiography, *Beyond Reason*, documented her stormy 13-year marriage was charged after Canadian police, acting on a tip, seized a package of marijuana that had arrived by mail. A court hearing is scheduled for early April.

RELEASED. Cathy Evelyn Smith, 40, sometime companion of Comic Actor John Belushi; after serving 18 months of a three-year sentence at the California Institution for Women in Frontera, Smith, a Canadian, admitted injecting Belushi with the heroin-cocaine speedballs that killed him in 1982 but denied responsibility for his death. She returned to Canada the day after her release.

HOSPITALIZED. Joseph Biden, 45, Democratic Senator from Delaware and Judiciary Committee chairman; for surgery to insert a tiny filter into a large vein in the abdomen that carries blood from the legs; in Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington. Biden was hospitalized last month for an aneurysm, and last week a clot was discovered in one lung. The purpose of the filter is to intercept clots traveling in the bloodstream.

EXECUTED. Willie Jasper Darden, 54, after 14 years on death row and seven death warrants; at the Florida state prison in Starke. Darden was sentenced to die in the electric chair for the 1973 killing of a Lakeland, Fla., furniture-store owner. Among the many protests against the execution were appeals from Nobel Prize-winner Andrei Sakharov, Rock Star Peter Gabriel, Amnesty International and Jesse Jackson.

DIED. Romare Bearden, 73, pre-eminent abstract painter and collage artist; after a stroke; in New York City. Bearden's vibrant, colorful works evoked the rural South, where he was born, and the bluesy rhythms of Harlem, where he grew up. He came to know such uptown performers as Billie Holiday, Fats Waller and Duke Ellington, who bought one of his first paintings. Bearden's works hang in many major American museums.

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Medicine

Mixed Messages on Mammograms

Confused and fearful, many women are shying away from tests

More than any other disease of women, breast cancer symbolizes pain, mutilation and death. The disease strikes 1 woman in 10 and is the second leading cause of cancer deaths among females in the U.S., where it has the highest incidence in the world. This year 135,000 new cases will be diagnosed, and the disease will kill 42,000 women. Worse, its incidence is rising: last month the National Cancer Institute reported significant increases during both 1984 and 1985, the most recent period for which figures are available. Equally troubling, deaths from breast cancer among young and

women may not consider the screening worth the trouble. An accompanying editorial took the findings even further. Declared Dr. John Bailar III, a physician and medical statistician at McGill University in Montreal: "The evidence . . . does not demonstrate any clear health benefit from mammographic screening for breast cancer in women younger than 50 years . . . Routine screening of this age group should be discontinued."

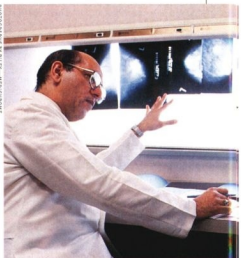
The J.A.M.A. report, which was an analysis of five major studies of mammography, found that for every 10,000 women between 40 and 49 who have yearly mam-

rays for women under 50 except for those considered at high risk: women who have had breast cancer already or whose mothers or sisters have had the disease.

The result has been confusion about the value of mammograms among both doctors and their women patients. Janet Gay Hamby of Thousand Oaks, Calif., was 44 and the mother of two teenagers when she discovered a lump in her breast two years ago. Two mammograms suggested that it was malignant, and when a biopsy confirmed the diagnosis, Hamby underwent surgery and radiation treatments. Because cancer cells had invaded a lymph node, six months of grueling chemotherapy followed. She knows that the chance of a recurrence will remain high for about another year. Says Hamby: "My prognosis is good, but it would have been better if the cancer had been found before



Disputed benefits: woman undergoing test for breast cancer in a New York City clinic



Moment of truth: radiology technician reviews X rays

middle-aged women are increasing. Despite those sobering realities, an estimated 70% of American women still fail to undergo regularly scheduled mammograms, or breast X rays.

There are several reasons for their reluctance. Many women fear that the radiation itself will cause tumors, a risk that researchers consider negligible, since radiation doses are far lower today than they once were. Other women simply find the cost—an average mammogram is \$100—prohibitive. Most to blame, however, may be doctors themselves: for several years, the medical establishment has been sharply divided over whether younger women will benefit from mammograms. The debate was rekindled earlier this month by a report published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. In the study, Dr. David Eddy of Duke University and several colleagues found routine mammograms in women under 50 to be of so little benefit that

mammograms for ten years, only 22 lives would be saved. The overall price tag would be considerable. Screening even a quarter of the 14 million women in the U.S. between 40 and 49 would cost \$350 million. The practical result: few poor women are tested for breast cancer at all; middle-class women, too, balk at the cost, which many health-insurance plans still refuse to reimburse (though four states require insurers to cover at least some routine screenings).

Eddy's findings tend to undermine the recommendations of both the American Cancer Society and the American College of Radiology, which have suggested since 1983 that women undergo the procedure at least once between ages 35 and 40 as a basis for comparison with later mammograms, and then every year or two between 40 and 49. But several other professional groups, including the American College of Physicians, have long chosen not to recommend screening by X

ray reached the lymph nodes. And it would have been discovered if I had had a mammogram earlier." Why didn't she? "Nobody told me to. I went to a doctor regularly, but nobody told me to."

Most physicians agree that yearly mammograms in addition to self-examination and regular physical exams can save lives in women over 50; X-ray screening can cut the death rate in this group by 30%. But the benefits of mammography for younger women are less clear. One reason is that younger women have a lower incidence of breast cancer than older women, so there is simply less cancer to detect. In addition, young breast tissue is denser and more likely to conceal tumors from X rays than the more fatty tissue of older women.

Whatever their age, women with small tumors that have not invaded the lymph nodes have a 90% chance of surviving at least five years. As the disease spreads, however, the odds of survival

drop sharply. Thus cancer experts agree that a woman's best hope for a cure, whatever her age, lies in finding tumors early. Mammography can detect tumors as small as an eighth of an inch in diameter. By contrast, most cancers detected by patients themselves are at least half an inch in diameter, and have been growing for eight to ten years, says Dr. Ferris Hall of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital. The larger the tumor, the higher the probability that it has already spread to the lymph nodes—and the lower the prospects for survival. Self-examination alone may give women false reassurance, says Dr. Melvin Silverstein, a breast-cancer specialist in Van Nuys, Calif. "It ignores the biggest breakthrough we've had: finding nonpalpable lumps with mammography."

But mammography is not infallible. There is a 1% chance of a false-positive result—a mistaken diagnosis of a tumor—and the anxiety, expense and pain associated with a biopsy. A graver problem is the risk of a false negative: about 20% of

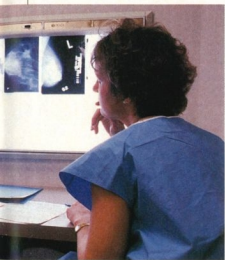


PHOTO: GARY KATZ FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

with the same patient afterward

the time the X rays fail to detect cancers, which may be picked up by physical exam. "Is mammography worth it?" asks Eddy. Some women, he notes, upon hearing that ten years of screening will save 22 lives "will say, '22 out of 10,000, well, that'll be me.' Others will say, 'Take half a day off work for a 22-out-of-10,000 chance? You've got to be kidding.' Both responses are appropriate." Individual women may respond differently to the question than medical researchers do. Cost effectiveness is not something that most patients want to hear about, particularly when the money is being spent to prevent cancer. Ultimately, the responsibility for providing accurate information on breast cancer may lie with a woman's physician. And any doctor should be prepared to lay out the facts so that patients can decide for themselves about mammography.

—By Denise Grady.

Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles and Suzanne Wymelenberg/Boston

Religion

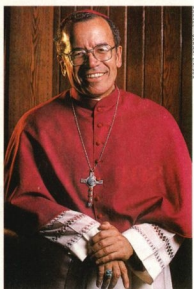
A First for Black Catholics

The Pope responds to a campaign for more leaders

In their first pastoral letter, in 1984, the U.S.'s black Roman Catholic bishops politely but urgently expressed concern about the paucity of black leaders in the church. Last year a Washington conference of 1,250 black Catholics repeated the plea for more blacks who would actually run dioceses, as opposed to being auxiliaries under white bishops. During his pastoral visit to the U.S. in September, Pope John Paul II signaled that he was listening when he told a New Orleans gathering of black Catholics, "Know that the Pope stands united with the black community as it rises to embrace its full dignity and lofty destiny." The words were welcome enough, but last week came a more welcome result: to head the archdiocese of Atlanta, the Pope named the Most Rev. Eugene A. Marino, 53, making him the first black American ever to become an archbishop.

The choice of Marino seems almost foreordained. The new archbishop was one of the authors of the 1984 pastoral letter, an articulate participant in the Washington conference, and an organizer of the papal address to blacks. In his Washington speech last year, he reached back to his roots "as a young boy in Mississippi with the double—I was going to say handicap, but I'll say blessing—of being black and Catholic." His mother was from Biloxi, and his father, a baker, moved there from Puerto Rico. The young Marino grew up in a cultural and religious tradition derived from the early Catholic French and Spanish settlers, and he still lights up when he talks about Creole gumbos and rice. "I took in my faith like my mother's milk," he says. "Some of my earliest recollections are of my family kneeling around the bed praying to Mary, when I was too small even to be really a part of it."

It was a segregated society, including his parochial school, Marino's vocation was firmly established by high school, and despite the rarity of his choice, he persevered. "Diocesan seminaries—all seminaries—were difficult for blacks," he says with no apparent bitterness. In 1962 he was ordained in the Josephite order of priests, which was founded in the 19th century to serve blacks. Its leadership had always been white, but nine years later he became their vicar-general, or second-in-command, the first black to hold such an office in any religious order. Rome was noticing him. Marino was consecrated as a bishop in 1974 and assigned as an auxiliary in Washington. In 1985 he was elect-



Atlanta's new spiritual leader Marino

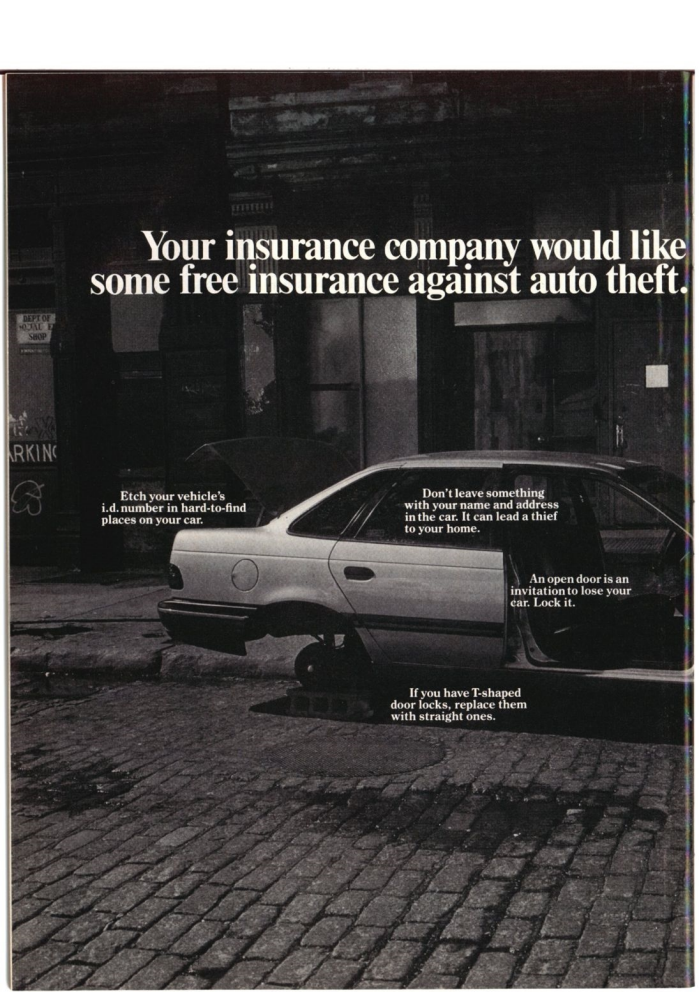
ed secretary of the American bishops' national conference, a mark of considerable esteem from his colleagues.

As Marino acknowledges, blacks and Catholicism in the U.S. have never been completely at ease with each other. In the Republic's early days, blacks found more welcoming accommodation for their religious sensibilities in Protestant styles of worship and theology. Catholics, themselves strangers in a strange land, did not proselytize among slaves until they were freed after the Civil War. Today, only 5% of American blacks are Catholic, and the 1.5 million black Catholics make up 2.8% of the American church. Representation in the clergy is worse. The 350 black priests and 700 black nuns represent less than 1% of the total. In the hierarchy, twelve of 400 bishops are black.

Like all John Paul's choices, Marino is loyal to Vatican teaching, though he is no conservative hard-liner. As head of the Atlanta archdiocese, he will preside directly over some 156,000 Catholics, both in the city and in 69 northern Georgia counties. He also becomes metropolitan of an ecclesiastical province, with influence over four other dioceses in three states. The prelate has already indicated that, whatever his administrative tasks, his priorities will be pastoral. On a one-day trip from Washington to his new flock last week, he made a special effort in the midst of a hectic schedule to visit Our Lady of Perpetual Help Home, a nursing home for the free care of terminal cancer patients. "Once we put our trust in God when we didn't have a thing on earth," he reminds fellow blacks. "Now some of us have had achievements. But we can't forget the God who brings us salvation."

—By Michael P. Harris.

Reported by Glenn Garelik/Washington and Joseph J. Kane/Atlanta



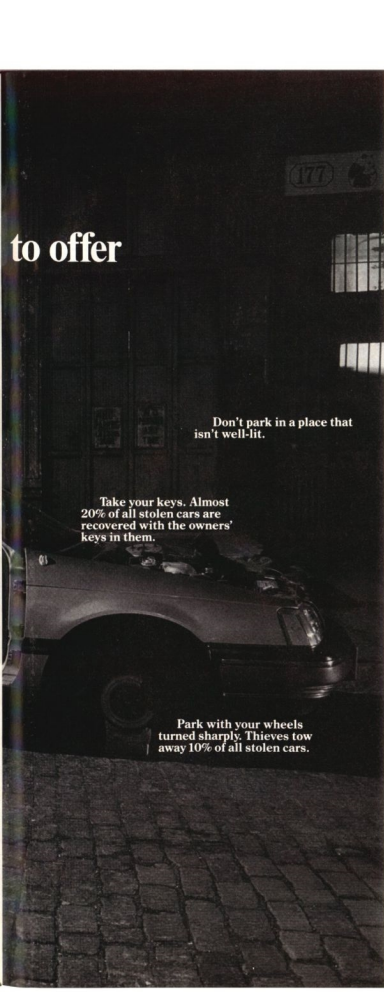
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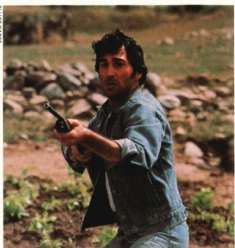
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Cinema



Year of the Mondragón: the villagers harvest the contentious beans, and, right, Joe (Chick Vennera) defends his crop by any means necessary

Old Magic in New Mexico

THE MILAGRO BEANFIELD WAR Directed by Robert Redford
Screenplay by David Ward and John Nichols

The man never emerges from behind the camera, but every frame tells you who directed *The Milagro Beanfield War*. This movie even looks like Robert Redford: it's smart and handsome, with a crinkly smile around the edges. It boasts wistful vistas and amber landscapes. Clouds stampede over the northern New Mexico terrain, where hillocks perch like adobe huts. The kiss of two fine brown faces is silhouetted by an orange sunset, flaring into sympathetic melodrama. Night falls, and there's a rope of rainbow in the sky; a frosted moon smiles behind a scrim of mist. It makes for quite a pretty show. Nature has rarely gone to the movies in starker, more glamorous clothes.

The film *thinks* like Redford too: its passionate humanism is laced with wry. For Redford is not only Hollywood's last hero. He is a benevolent movie mogul, using his Sundance Institute to finance noble independent films in the pastoral mode. Alas, most of these films have been lame and prissy. Perhaps one reason Redford made *Milagro* was to show the young directors at Sundance that a well-meaning film can also be a good movie.

Working from John Nichols' 1974 novel, he has fashioned the imaginary town of Milagro (Spanish for miracle) into a Disneyland with dirt. See the picturesque shacks, the decent people with their ready aphorisms, the general store that sells everything from bullets to Paul Newman's salad dressing. On this sure turf, Hispanics have lived and farmed, have scratched out survival for centuries. And they don't need the white folks' help, *muchas gracias*. As the town's mayor tells a visiting sociologist (Daniel Stern), "If we

don't know it already, chances are we aren't interested in learning it."

His remark applies both to the Milagros and to the rich Anglos nearby who have plans to turn the area into a resort, complete with ski lodge, golf course, condominiums and a man-made lake. The developers are not interested in the resort's effect on Milagro's ecology and psychology. They are interested in Joe Mondragón (Chick Vennera) though. On a caprice, Joe has irrigated his parched beanfield with water destined for the resort, and now the land barons are flexed to strike back.

These scenes carry hints that Redford wants to update some classic movie parables. *Milagro* could be *Chinatown*, with its diverted water supply and political-industrial intrigue. Or *Silkwood*, with a heroic loner fatally bucking the system. Or *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, with the greedy Anglos outsmarted by wily Hispanic outlaws who snort, "We don't need no stinkin' condos!"

But this is Redfordland, and *Milagro* is a dream of liberal community. The developers, timid villains in a modern range war, are no match for the villagers. Here comes Ruby (Sonia Braga), the local La Pasionaria, bustling with petitions and '60s rhetoric. Sheriff Bernie (Rubén Blades, who exudes sl star quality) keeps tamping down the hot tempers of the villagers and the Anglos. And Amarante (Carlos Riquelme) fights the scourge with flaming arrows, fish heads and ancient curses. He even fires his pistol

at an intruder and drives the developers' bulldozer over a cliff—though no one in this gossip town takes any notice of it. Is this old man loco? No, he is on the side of the angels. One angel, anyway: a venerable sprite (Robert Carricart) who plays the concertina, quotes Shakespeare and orchestrates the war like a seraphic Ike.

Milagro marks a brave attempt at a humanist western. It is a genre in which faith and good works reinforce each other, Anglo pragmatism rubs shoulders with Latino magic, and John Wayne might peacefully coexist with Gabriel García Márquez. The spirits may stir up a gust of wind, a kind of Milagro airlift, to bring the good word to town. And a cowboy (James Gammon) with a forbidding face—you figure him to be the Jack Palance villain from *Shane*—may up and

save your life. Nobody will get hurt, except in the pride. Finally, the village will erupt into an alfresco fiesta, and the bad cop (Christopher Walken) will smile conspiratorially on his way out of town.

In truth, the ending is a little too happy for this community-action blueprint of a fable. Lots of things are a little too. The actors hold their attitudes a little too long. The resort's temptation for the villagers—the prosperity it may bring to a distressed region—is a little too easily shrugged off. After a while even those sunsets numb the unenthralled viewer; he wants to head for Vegas. *Milagro* is kind to its characters; it works as hard to discover subtleties in their stereotypes as it does to unearth gorgeous new colors in the Southwest palette. But the film remains genuinely above them, like an Olympian social worker. This humanist western is just too darn nice. It needs to be more butch and less Sundance.

—By Richard Corliss



Director Redford

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Music

High Spirits, Dead Souls

At a major festival in Boston, the Soviets come up a little short

One of the bracing side effects of the cultural *glasnost* now under way between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. is the realization that Soviet musicians are not all ten feet tall. Exposed to only the best performers and the beneficiaries of some spectacular defections, many Americans had come to believe that the Soviet artist was superior to his Western counterpart. Since the latest round of emigration and exchange, epitomized by Vladimir Horowitz's triumphant return to his homeland two years ago, the inordinate fear of Communist musical supremacy has waned as familiarity has grown and widened. Ten feet tall? Five foot eight may be closer to the mark.

As proof, consider "Making Music Together," an ambitious three-week festival currently thriving in Boston. Conceived jointly by Sarah Caldwell, the visionary leader of the Opera Company of Boston, and Russian Composer Rodion Shchedrin, the \$4.6 million event features some 500 Soviet and American musicians, composers and dancers in an exhaustive survey of contemporary Soviet musical thinking. (Next year Caldwell & Co. will journey to Moscow for a reciprocal visit.) Despite an improvisatory, hey-kids-let's-put-on-a-show atmosphere, the festival offers an unparalleled opportunity to hear and assess the state of new Soviet music and performance.

Glasnost has arrived not a minute too soon. The vigorous turmoil that has marked Western composition for the past two decades has left hardly a scratch across the dutiful Russian visage. True, there have been a few dated "experimental" pieces of the wail-and-swoop school that, if expressed orthographically, would look like #5%le#@! and to which the audience reaction is generally zzzzzzz, and some younger Soviet composers have flirted with newer techniques, such as minimalism. But most of the music heard last week mines the same tractor-factory-and-singing-peasant vein that the Soviets have been exploring for the past 40 years.

This state of affairs is not surprising, given the hostility to innovation that has marked the long reign of conservative Composer Tikhon Khrennikov, 74, since 1948 the iron chancellor of the state Composers Union. The tough-minded, politically agile Stalinist, who was a point man for the infamous Resolution of 1948 that ripped Shostakovich and Prokofiev for modernism, Khrennikov



Baritone Morozov as the operatic Chichikov

The sky above, the mudslinging below.

brought a generation of composers to heel in the name of socialist realism.

Still, his rigidity seems to be fading. The Boston visitors include Progressives Alfred Schnittke, 53, and Sofia Gubaidulina, 56, now recognized as two of the Soviet Union's best composers. And, of course, there is Shchedrin, favored to succeed Khrennikov someday as a culture



Sitting pretty: Shchedrin and Caldwell on the set of *Dead Souls*

czar, who was represented by his new opera *Dead Souls*. A licensed radical who sacrificed his genuine talent for the status of a pampered house pet, Shchedrin once wrote sparklers like the *Carmen Suite*, a vibrant 1967 gloss on Bizet that will be danced later this month by his wife Ballerina Maya Plisetskaya. Now, perhaps metaphorically, he writes *Dead Souls*.

Based on the novel by Gogol, the opera has all the marks of a major work except memorable music. Gogol's irresistible tale of the scheming Chichikov (the splendid high baritone Igor Morozov), who would "buy" dead serfs in order to build a bogus prosperity on their collateral, holds the stage splendidly. The handsome duplex set by Designer Valery Levental is a sky-above, mudslinging-below construct. But beyond the "aria portraits" that graphically limn each of the principal characters, *Dead Souls* contains every cliché in the state manual, including the obligatory lament for the suffering people that has been a staple at least since Musorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. The opera has just enough technique to work and not enough heart to make anyone care.

The festival offers some discoveries, however. Leningrad Composer Andrei Petrov's 1980 *Violin Concerto* is a sturdy showpiece that picks up momentum from its opening recitative to its blazing *vivo* finale; it got an otherworldly performance from Soloist Sergei Stadler, a baby-faced firebrand who shared first prize in the 1982 Tchaikovsky Competition with Viktoria Mullova. Sergei Slonimsky's sprightly two-minute *Novgorod Dance*—hellzapoppin', cossack-style, ending with the clarinetist, trombonist, cellist, pianist and conductor all merrily hoofing it around the stage—bespeaks a composer with both an ear and a sense of humor. Best of all is Schnittke's silvery *Three Scenes for Soprano and Chamber Ensemble* (1981), a theater piece for percussionists, soprano and conductor that apes a funeral procession, ending with a solemn cortege in which the vibraphone is held aloft like a coffin.

It is easy to read the symbolism here, as well as in Giya Kancheli's bombastic *Symphony No. 6*, in which a delicate theme flowers briefly, then is brutally crushed by the massed fortissimos of the full orchestra. Soviet music tends to have a program, even when it is hidden; enforced orthodoxy has driven content underground. One of the goals of musical *glasnost* should be to bring it to the surface again. Historically, few national schools are as expressive as the Russian, and few have more to be expressive about. Open to new sounds and new techniques, Soviet music may once again grow in stature.

—By Michael Walsh

Books

A Half-Century of Solitude

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA by Gabriel García Márquez
Translated by Edith Grossman; Knopf; 352 pages; \$18.95

Because of the time warp of translation, it took three years for Gabriel García Márquez's novel *Cien Años de Soledad* to reach and astound the English-speaking world as *One Hundred Years of Solitude* (1970). That rousing chronicle of a mythical South American town and a family doomed to heroism and folly established its author's international reputation. Among the book's magical properties was the power to transform a once obscure Colombian journalist into the recipient of the 1982 Nobel Prize for Literature. García Márquez, of course, published other works along the way to Stockholm, including three novels, several collections of stories and dusted-off samples of old newspaper reporting. But none of these achieved the glitter and scope of his most triumphant narrative, which concluded, after all, with a warning that the lightning of inspiration does not strike twice: "Races condemned to one hundred years of solitude did not have a second opportunity on earth."

Perhaps countless readers' hopes for another *Solitude* have been misguided. Rumors have been building, though, of something big in progress. Another long, ambitious García Márquez novel has been wending its way toward English translation, accumulating impressive numbers in the process: sales of more than 1 million in the original Spanish version, hundreds of thousands of copies snapped up in West Germany, Italy and France. The U.S. debut of *Love in the Time of Cholera* comes preceded by considerable thunder.

The noise is justified. This book will not make anyone forget *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, and thank goodness for that. Instead, García Márquez, 60, offers a spacious mirror image of the novel that made him famous. This time out, surface events largely conform to the dictates of plausibility. No one ascends bodily into heaven; the famous plague of insomnia that swept through *Solitude* here becomes literal, recurrent ravages of cholera morbus. The bizarre and outlandish are relegated to the domain of private lives, to characters who must construct for themselves elaborate fictions to follow in order to stand the shocks and tedium of being alive.

The setting is an imagined "sleepy provincial capital" on the South American shores of the Caribbean, where on one Pentecost Sunday Dr. Juvenal Urbino, 81, falls to his death while trying to retrieve a pet parrot from a mango tree. This calamity sets church bells tolling and mourners swarming to the Urbino household, for the deceased physician had been one of the most honored and distinguished residents of the city. Among the visitors is Florentino Ariza, 76, president of the River Co. of the Caribbean, who approaches the bereaved widow, Fermina Daza, 72, and says, "I have waited for this opportunity for more than half a century, to repeat to you once again my vow of eternal fidelity and everlasting love." Fermina furiously shows him the door.

This contretemps calls for a bit of explaining, and García Márquez flashes backward to tell all. A half-century of solitude earlier, Florentino enjoys a passionate, three-year romance with the school-girl Fermina, conducted entirely through the exchange of clandestine letters. His swooning preoccupation and physical dis-

tress arouse concern: "His mother was terrified because his condition did not resemble the turmoil of love so much as the devastation of cholera." But it is love, all right, and Florentino's symptoms grow worse when Fermina abruptly tosses him aside and later weds Dr. Urbino, the scion of an illustrious though fading family.

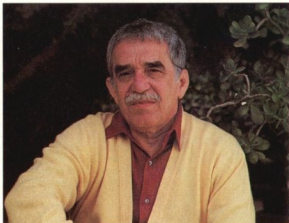
Melodrama would be served if Fermina repented immediately and suffered married life at leisure. In fact, her husband is a good man, and she hardly has a thought to spare for Florentino and his blighted life. For his part, Florentino resolves to keep himself spiritually pure for the moment when he will, someday, possess Fermina; in the meantime, he consoles himself with the physical companionship of women in order to learn more about his beloved. He writes down his impressions and amasses "some 25 notebooks, with 622 entries of long-term liaisons, apart from the countless fleeting adventures that did not even deserve a charitable note."

Will Florentino and Fermina find happiness at the long, bitter end? García Márquez answers this question eventually, but the success of his novel does not depend on the outcome. The genius of *Love in the Time of Cholera* is the filling-in of the gaps of ordinary life, the munificence of detail that can be exacted from a place where, as Dr. Urbino muses, "nothing

had happened for four centuries." Nonetheless, the torpid scenery provides a beguiling background, "the broken roofs and the decaying walls, the rubble of fortresses among the brambles, the trail of islands in the bay, the hovels of the poor around the swamps, the immense Caribbean."

History may have abandoned this backwater metropolis, once heralded as "the gateway to America," but life goes on in stunning profusion. García Márquez generously populates a place "where everything was known, and where many things were known even before they happened, above all if they concerned the rich." But the constant gossip actually pays little heed to class distinctions. Whatever their status, the author's characters energetically play their parts in the human comedy. They are born to die. Hearts are enchanted, broken and sometimes put back together again. Wisdom accrues to those who have grown too old to profit by its possession. This novel is filled with surprises, but not those of the amazing variety. The constant, throbbing fascination here is the shock of recognition.

—By Paul Gray



Excerpt

“Delirious with joy, Florentino Ariza spent the rest of the afternoon eating roses and reading the note letter by letter, over and over again, and the more he read the more roses he ate, and by midnight he had read it so many times and had eaten so many roses that his mother had to hold his head as if he were a calf and force him to swallow a dose of castor oil.”



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Historic Roles

WASHINGTON GOES TO WAR

by David Brinkley

Knopf; 286 pages; \$18.95

As the *New Republic* saw it in 1942, Washington was a "combination of Moscow ... Paris ... Wichita ... and Hell." In this rich anecdotal history, David Brinkley spends much of his time in the precincts of purgatory. The veteran commentator was a young reporter when the capital began to mobilize. "Was it conceivable," he wondered, "that the leadership of the Western world in wartime could fall to a city only a few generations out of the mud? A city that still boasted 15,000 privies?"

Indeed it was. As the guns sounded overseas, gallus-snapping Congressmen and dollar-a-year New Dealers, bullet-nosed racists and high-toned society hostesses, secretaries and alphabet-soup bureaucrats from the OPA, BEW, CAS and OEM all began to audition for their roles in history. The little Southern town abruptly became an arena of contradictions, and Brinkley surveys them all.

When the Navy needed acreage for a local military-intelligence station, it seized the grounds of a girls' school and summarily ejected the students. Meantime, a Senator could find no place to house his wife and child; so they stayed home in Missouri, while Harry Truman spent his first years in Washington living in a hotel. President Franklin D. Roosevelt, observes Brinkley, "invented the modern press conference by accepting direct questions," whereas his predecessors had demanded they be written and submitted in advance. Yet F.D.R. regarded his journalistic critics with "what seemed to be the consuming, corrosive hatred of his public life." The black opera star Marian Anderson broke the color line by singing in the D.A.R.'s Constitution Hall.

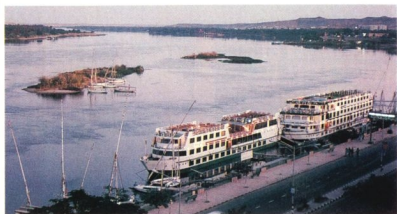
But for Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi, there was no such thing as race relations: "He repeatedly introduced a bill to deport all Negroes to Africa and once suggested that Eleanor Roosevelt be sent with them and made their 'queen.'"

Brinkley's lively account fades out with Roosevelt's death. Postwar Washington, he observes, was the only major capital "on the winning side, or any side, to survive without a scratch." Psychologically, however, it was altered almost beyond recognition. Within a generation, the unthinkable would be commonplace in D.C.: desegregation, Medicare, a 50-state union, peace marches, feminism. Brinkley is uniquely qualified to narrate the causes of that change. After all, in the early 1940s, what title could have been more incomprehensible than that of TV network anchorman? —By Stefan Kanfer



Brinkley

Environment



Bracing for a dry spell: cruise boats along the riverbank downstream from Aswan High Dam

Drought Stalks the Mighty Nile

As water levels recede, Egypt struggles to cope with less

Maher Abaza, Egypt's Minister of Energy, sits in semidarkness in his cavernous Cairo office, the only light a small desk lamp and neon bulbs overhead. "This is a very hard year for our country's power system," he explains. "I have told the Egyptian people clearly—we do not have enough." At the Aswan High Dam, Supervisor Hamdi el Shaffei observes, "Water is our fuel. Not a drop is wasted." Under his feet, huge turbines hum as thousands of gallons of precious Nile River water gush past each second, heading north on the last leg of a 4,150-mile journey through Africa.

Living virtually without rain in a country that is 97% desert, Egyptians depend on the world's longest river for irrigation, electric power, drinking water and transportation. Now, after a decade of drought that has left parts of central Africa on the brink of starvation, the Nile is running perilously low. For the first time since the Aswan High Dam was finished in 1970, serious shortages of water and hydroelectric power threaten Egypt.

By midsummer, government officials predict, the water level in the reservoir above Aswan, known as Lake Nasser, will drop to 492 ft., from 574 ft. a decade ago, slashing power output by 55% and causing isolated power shortages. If the level dips much below that, Aswan's powerful turbines, which provide 25% of Egypt's electricity, must be shut down, crippling industrial development and hampering efforts to reclaim desert land for cultivation.

The impending crisis was not officially acknowledged until last December, after a government-commissioned study by British consultants warning of dire water and power shortages was leaked to the press. The sense of urgency increased last month when officials decided to save wa-

ter by adding an extra week to the dam's annual 21-day maintenance period, when water flow is sharply reduced. The results downstream were dramatic: parts of the Nile's muddy bottom in Cairo were exposed for the first time, and tourist boats cruising between Aswan and Luxor suddenly confronted midstream sandbars, making passage impossible.

Egypt's continuing dependence on the Nile reflects growing industrialization, as well as profligate habits of consumption. Since 1981, use of electricity has soared from 18 billion to 45 billion kw-h. To curb demand, the government in the past five years has quadrupled the price of electricity for heavy users, although electricity for the poor is still subsidized. "We cannot pressure the poor," says Energy Minister Abaza with a shrug.

In recent months the Egyptian government has quietly begun instituting measures to save water. Since October, outflow from the Aswan dam has been reduced by more than 10%; irrigation water that once flooded more than 250,000 acres of rice fields, or 25% of Egypt's total production, has been cut off. To cope with the anticipated decrease in hydroelectricity, the government plans to add four new gas- and oil-fired electric generating plants to Egypt's overtaxed power system in the next year. Cost: \$300 million.

No one knows how long the drought will last. But with the population growing by a million every nine months, the country cannot afford to wait for rain. Egypt already imports more than half its food, and future demand will be even greater. Declares High Dam Engineer el Shaffei: "If we have less water, we have to change our ways. We will have to get all the benefit from every drop." After all, he notes, "water is life." —By David S. Jackson/Aswan

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The Oh-So-Not-So-Prime Players

Special clinics for ailing performers draw rave reviews

In theaters across the country each night, audiences are captivated by scintillating music, soaring voices and dazzling footwork. When the show ends, spectators mark their appreciation with thunderous ovations and tossed bouquets. As often as not, the actors, singers and dancers taking their bows onstage are in turn quietly applauding those who keep them fit to earn accolades: the practitioners of a fast-growing field called performing-arts medicine. Within the past decade some dozen programs and clinics have sprung up in the U.S. devoted to diagnosing, treating and preventing the physical and emotional ills that can hamper artistic careers. Staffed by medical specialists, dentists, nurses, psychologists, physical therapists and social workers—many of whom are amateur performers themselves—the centers offer artists the same sort of sophisticated care routinely provided for star athletes.

Onstage physical stresses can be as fierce as any endured on the football field or basketball court. Actor Mark Frawley, late of Broadway's *Starlight Express*, had to barrel-jump over five people in the show's opening number. "You're wearing two 4-lb. skates and a costume weighing 25 lbs.," he notes. "In order to clear the people, I had to get my speed up to 35 m.p.h. It was a knee killer." Musicians face peril as well. Pinched nerves and muscle cramps caused by repetitive hand motions are common. Violinists suffer everything from fiddler's neck rash to complete jaw displacements. Trumpeters get neck hernias and muscle tears around their mouths. Bagpipers are prone to lung infections from fungus that grows inside the bag. Clarinetists develop thumb problems, because the 28-oz. horn is supported

only by a hook on the finger. "It's a vicious instrument," declares one physician.

Most vulnerable of all are ballet dancers. "They are like Thoroughbred racehorses," says Dr. William Hamilton, who is affiliated with New York's Miller Institute, one of the most comprehensive of the new clinics. Falls and poor landings from jumps can cause sudden injuries, including sprained backs and snapped foot bones. "The fifth metatarsal breaks like a chicken bone," says Hamilton, orthopedic surgeon for the New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theater. "You can hear it in the audience when it happens." Overuse and chronic trauma produce inflammations of tendons and stress fractures of foot and leg bones. Many of the syndromes that plague dancers and musicians are so subtle that they go unrecognized. Observes Dr. Alan Lockwood, who started the University of Texas clinic in Houston: "Many physicians who don't see performing artists regularly just don't understand the demands placed on their bodies."

Even the specialists have difficulty. "Frequently you can't tell that anything is wrong until you see them play," explains Dr. Alice Brandfonbrener, director of Northwestern University's program. Some clinics boast practice rooms and videotaping equipment. Solutions can be as simple as recommending a reduced performance schedule, muscle-strengthening exercises or changes in diet. Actors and singers with voice difficulties are often told to avoid mucus-producing foods like milk and cheese. Technician may also be modified. Eric Jensen, a jazz guitarist in San Francisco with persistent pain in his left arm, was advised to shorten the scale lengths on the neck of

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Health & Fitness

the instrument and use lighter strings.

Doctors also rely on medication, though cortisone, a mainstay of less experienced physicians, is frowned upon by specialists because it relieves symptoms without correcting the basic problem. Surgery is generally a last resort because it may leave scar tissue that can interfere with agility. Rock Drummer Max Weinberg, who underwent seven operations on his fingers to keep his hands from clenching, had no such damage. Currently on tour with Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, he downs six aspirins a day and does hand warm-up exercises for 45 minutes before a show. Afterward he chills his hands in ice for ten minutes and wears elastic gloves to reduce swelling.

Often the best remedy, but the one artists dread most, is to stop performing for a while. "Rest is a four-letter word for the ballet dancer," declares Hamilton. "For the musician," says Dr. Michael Charness, a member of the University of California clinic in San Francisco, "playing is more than their job. It's an emotional outlet." Are artists more vulnerable to psychological problems than most? "Performing is a very exhilarating and draining experience," says Dr. Richard Lederman, who heads a program at the Cleveland Clinic. Others observe that because training usually demands immersion at an early age, many performers may be emotionally and intellectually ill equipped to cope with intense competition and career setbacks.

The centers treat a wide array of psychological ailments, from eating disorders and drug abuse to depression and, most often, stage fright. Those who take care of the performers admit to having some jitters of their own as well. Last fall Dr. Michael Saviano was roused from his sickbed by the San Francisco Opera to tend a singer whose voice was giving out. His verdict: finish the performance but sing at half power. His backstage visit concluded, a feverish and bleary Saviano headed for the hospital to await his patient—and a reassuring once-over of those valuable vocal cords.

—By Anastasia Toufexis

Reported by Janice M. Horowitz/New York and Dennis Wyss/San Francisco



Starlight Express skater braced for action

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Video

The Little Network That Might

Fox is still around after a year, stumbling but scrappy

Well, no one ever said starting a fourth network would be easy. The Fox Broadcasting Co., Rupert Murdoch's ambitious effort to compete with ABC, CBS and NBC, has weathered enough tin-pot tragedies in its brief life to fill a month on *Another World*. Joan Rivers' much publicized attempt to challenge Johnny Carson with her own talk show ended in ignominious cancellation after seven months on the air. Her eventual replacement, *The Wilton North Report*, failed even more abruptly and abysmally. Fox executives once hoped to have three nights of prime-time programming on the air by now; only two are up and running, and just one is doing passably in the ratings. Fox's losses thus far are close to \$80 million, and the flow of red ink does not seem likely to be stanch anytime soon.

So much for the bad news. The good news for Fox is that, a year after the launch of its first prime-time shows, it is still around. Ratings for its Sunday-night schedule have risen in recent weeks, and the network is attracting a high proportion of young-adult viewers, those most desirable to advertisers. The future is still cloudy, but Fox executives are looking ahead with dogged, if chastened, determination. "We've had to learn the hard way and the expensive way," says Programming Chief Garth Ancier. "But no one has ever got this far before."

Fox has, moreover, got where it is with some distinction. Its scrappy, try-anything-and-see-what-works program philosophy has yielded no TV breakthroughs but a few notable experiments. Sunday night's grab bag ranges from *Werewolf*, an oddly morose horror series, to *The Tracey Ullman Show*, a quirky half-hour of comedy sketches that qualifies as TV's most interesting near-miss. Fox has also scored a coup by acquiring *It's Garry Shandling's Show*, the shrewdly self-parodying cable sitcom, which is running on Fox after its initial airings on Showtime. The network's highest-rated show, *21 Jump Street*, happens to be its best. A well-crafted, surprisingly intelligent police drama about a band of youthful cops who work undercover in high schools, the series

has come up with an appealing teen heartthrob in Johnny Depp and some strikingly adult episodes on such subjects as AIDS and the teaching of creationism.

Ratings for Fox's Sunday shows have been averaging between 3% and 6% of the national audience, well below most network fare but still respectable. Fox's



Depp, left, undercover on *Jump Street*; teen heartthrob, adult issues

two-hour block on Saturday night, however, has languished in the dismal 2% range. Three of the four current Saturday shows will be scrapped next month to make room for two newcomers: *Family Double Dare*, a nighttime version of the hit children's game show, and *The Dirty Dozen*, a wartime series based on the movie. Also in the works is a new version of *Charlie's Angels*, for which Producer Aaron Spelling has launched a nationwide talent hunt to select four jiggly new stars.



Shandling in his TV living room: a catch from cable
Embarrassments, red ink and a few notable experiments.

Fox's biggest embarrassment has been its bumbling attempts to field a viable late-night talk show. After Rivers' demise, the network resorted to a succession of guest hosts. One of them, Arsenio Hall, began to catch on in the ratings—but only after Fox had committed to *The Wilton North Report*, a new show produced by Barry Sand, formerly of *Late Night with David Letterman*. The show, a mystifying mix of interviews, tongue-in-cheek features and Letterman-like smugness, was a bust with critics and audiences. It was canceled after four weeks.

Fox has now revamped its *Late Show* with two new, rotating hosts: Comedians Jeff Joseph and John Mulrooney. The duo will split the weekly duties until one, presumably, emerges as a hit. So far, these hapless winners of the Any-one Can Host contest look painfully unsure of what they are supposed to be doing; the abrasive Mulrooney's strategy is to assault guests and audience members as if they were hecklers at a midnight show at the Improv. The program's sole advantage is a virtual absence of promotional fanfare. "It didn't seem to make sense to herald it until we were sure we had something worth heralding," says Ancier, who argues that the neophytes need time to get used to the format.

For all the programming missteps, Fox's 123 affiliates appear reasonably content. Earlier this year three stations dropped the network's low-rated Saturday-night schedule. But at least one, WOFL in Orlando, plans to come back on board when the lineup is revamped next month. Still, the affiliate roster remains Fox's biggest handicap. Many Fox stations are weak UHF outlets that are at a severe disadvantage vis-à-vis their network rivals. "Like any distributor, we have to rely on our retailers," says Fox Broadcasting President Jamie Kellner. "In many cases we're starting with the newest retailer in town."

Most industry observers seem satisfied with Fox's bumpy progress. "I think they're just about where they and we expected them to be at this time," says Jack Otter, a senior vice president of McCann-Erickson advertising. Admits Kellner: "When you're going against companies that have the power of ABC, CBS and NBC, you're taking on a pretty heavy job. It's like climbing Mount Everest." The first small steps up have been encouraging enough for the viewer to hope that the ascent continues.

—By Richard Zoglin

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People

Supernatural forces have a habit of haunting Actor **Bill Murray** (*Ghostbusters*). In *Scrooged*, now shooting in Los Angeles, Murray plays Francis Xavier Cross, a ruthless network-TV executive "whose idea of Christmas week is showing films like *The Santa Slayer*." Cross is planning a cynical remake of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* featuring **Mary Lou Retton** as Tiny Tim, when, says Murray, "all of a sudden these ghosts step into his life doing paranormal things, and he can't control them. When he barks at them and gives them orders, he ends up with a kick in the behind." Hmm. Sounds like a job for three guys packing ectoplasmic ray guns.

At one point the temperature plunged to 15° below zero, with 70-m.p.h. winds, but **Susan Butcher** battled whitout conditions last week to win her third straight Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, named after an old gold-miners' supply trail. Butcher, 33, shattered her own record, finishing the 1,049-mile Anchorage-to-Nome race in 11 days 11 hr. 41 min. 40 sec. "I'm really proud of the dogs," said Butcher, who credits her victory to her sled team, especially Granite, leader of the pack. "It didn't seem like I knew what was going on from minute to minute." For her endurance test, Butcher will pick up a \$30,000 cash prize, funded by the Iditarod



A tinselled tale of Christmas spirits: Murray bah-humbugging on the set of *Scrooged*

Trail Committee. Where will the money go? Why, to the care and feeding of her 150 canines. And to planning win No. 4 next year.

Sin and scandal forced him out of his ministry, but **Jim Bakker** was back at the pulpit last week at a California trailer park. "This has been a long, hard year for us," said a teary-eyed **Tammy Faye Bakker** as she introduced her husband to 225 suntanned retirees in Niland, where Bakker's uncle is a Lutheran pastor. Preaching about friendship, Bakker said, "I've always said, over the years, if

I could give you a gift, the most important gift would be a good friend." Meanwhile, the Bakkers have no friends at the U.S. Bankruptcy Court, which has ordered the auction next month of the couple's former Tega Cay, S.C., home. The five-level, four-bedroom house boasts three kitchens, skylights, a fish-shaped swimming pool and a 600-sq.-ft. closet. The asking price: a heavenly \$995,000.

Most people hate to say goodbye, but **Garrison Keillor** is so fond of farewells that he's coming back for a second helping. Last June the lanky host of radio's *A Prairie Home Companion* made a final visit to the down-to-earth denizens of Lake Wobegon and packed his bags for Denmark. Bored after four months, he moved again, this time to Manhattan, where he writes for *The New Yorker*. "It was so much fun leaving that we're coming back to say goodbye again," explains Keillor, who will appear in June at Radio City Music Hall. "People assume that New York is at the opposite end of the universe from Lake Wobegon," he

says. "But for me, that ain't true. In New York one sees constantly wonderful examples of people who live with integrity and grace under aggravating conditions." The monologist predicts that his second send-off will be a bigger tearjerker than the first. Says he: "People who haven't wept in years are going to break down and cry like Jimmy Swaggart."

What happens when a household humorist outgrows suburbia? For **Erma Bombeck** (*The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank*), the answer is to get serious. Bombeck, 61, is writing a book based on letters she has solicited from terminally ill children at special summer camps. Sample question: "Am I going to die?" The switch from satire to sober matters comes easily to the author, who sees a lot of grownup courage in her young contributors. "We are not afraid to use the d word and talk about death," says Bombeck. "All these



Bombeck and her mail

kids know they are guinea pigs in an era when researchers are looking for cures for another generation." Still, the children's struggle does have its lighter side. Advises one letter writer: "If you find you have a real snotty doctor, drop him."

—By Gay D. Garcia



Leaders of the pack: Butcher and Granite celebrating at the finish line



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